

# Jacksonville Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLI.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 2094.

## THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

F. & L. W. GRANT.

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### SOME DAY.

Some day earth will know no gloom,  
Some day faith will rise from sleep,  
Some day hope will bud and bloom,  
Some day men will cease to weep;  
When the path of life is rough,  
Some day death will cry, enough!  
Some day water will be wine,  
Some day we will be changed to gold,  
Some day captives will not pine,  
Some day deepest wounds will heal,  
Some day, with its sweet decree,  
Made imprisoned Joseph free.  
Some day, some day, envy dies,  
Long ago the spirit spoke,  
Changing into purple dyes,  
Jewish David's shepherd cloak,  
Making Saul, erst fierce and fleet,  
Follow on with lingering feet.  
Some day must the also bloom,  
Fruit will grow upon the palm,  
Some day light will vanquish gloom,  
Some day pain will find a balm;  
Some day eyes will not be wet,  
Some day, some day will come yet.

### Not Proven.

#### CHAPTER I.

There were few prettier pictures than that disclosed in the old rectory garden on that bright winter-morning. Tip-toe, her arms raised to a branch of growing holly, her glossy hair falling from her fair face over her seal-skin jacket, and her violet eyes sparkling, was May Westleigh, the Rector's daughter, while within a few feet of her, watching her efforts with much amusement and a vast amount of admiration, stood Thomas Midway, a handsome young man, a student of the law, and a member of the bar. Suddenly the latter burst forth:

"It is the Rector's daughter, and she has grown so dear, so dear, that I would be the jewel that trembles in her ear."  
"Don't be so absurd, Tom," interrupted the lady, "You are a gallant gentleman, truly, to see a female in distress and not aid her."  
"Have I not offered six times at least, May, and been refused again. This is the most lovely piece of holly I have seen this season, and I am determined that no other fingers than mine shall touch it until I give it to my dear Jack when he comes home this evening. They don't grow holly in India, do they, Tom?"

"No, I think not."  
"Then it will be a welcome offering to an English heart. Oh! how glad, how very glad, I shall be to see the dear old fellow!"

"If you speak so enthusiastically, May, you may well be jealous," remarked the gentleman.

"Jealous—you!—And Jack?—Nonsense. Why, Tom, I love him like a brother. And when he comes up, you know as children together."

"So he told me, May, when we met in India, and he gave me the letter of introduction to the Rector. Indeed," proceeded Thomas Midway, still inspecting the gathering of the holly, which, persistently, clung to its parent stem, "he spoke so incessantly of you that I fancied—"

"Pray what, sir?"

"That there existed a deeper affection than a brother's and sister's, May."

"Which shows how you were deceived. Talk of romantic jumping at hasty conclusions! Men are a thousand times worse. There, after all you must lend me your knife, Tom; the branch will not break, it is so tough."

Thomas Midway produced it, again offering his services, which, notwithstanding the obstinacy of the holly, were again rejected.

"Cut upward, not downward, May," he cried, suddenly stepping forward; "the knife is sharp."

The warning came too late; the keen blade had flashed through the tough, slender fingers, and she held the holly towards him—"there is blood upon it, and it is a bad omen."

He glanced at the bough, and truly, fallen on it, as bright as the berries themselves, were the crimson drops.

"What a childishness! Why, you are absolutely pale. 'Pon my word, your concern for Jack is already making me jealous."

"Don't let it do that, Tom," she said bravely.

"Why not?" he smiled.

"Because, Tom, you are, I believe, the best-tempered man I ever knew, but—"

"But?" he questioned, fondly regarding her.

"I am sure you love me so truly that, when you are jealous of any one, I imagine that you would not be answerable for your actions."

He caught her in his arms and pressed a kiss upon her smooth cheek.

"My darling, you are right," he replied gravely, in his turn. "If I thought I should lose you, or another was seeking to win you from me, I think I should either kill him or myself."

"Now you are talking pure nonsense, Tom, dear. Let us go in," she laughed, and, taking his arm, they moved over the crisp, frosty lawn to the quaint old rectory, a very Jack in the green of ivy which encircled its highest gables, which, during the embrace, May had kept the holly branch from coming in contact with Thomas Midway, and did so still. Was this an omen too?

tell the news. Remember the road? Aye, every stone of it, as if I had trod it yesterday. How kind it was of you on such a night to come and meet me. How jolly I feel to see old Calhoun again. What song is that May used to sing? Neither is there a place like home? Neither is there a home like May—bless her heart! Older, of course; and pretty, I will swear."

"Well," all the change you will find in her, Jack, is for the better; and I have no piece of news that will surprise you, perhaps, but I think I will leave it for May herself to tell, or your own eyes to read."

Why did John Westmacott start and grow anxiously nervous for that news and no other?

"Nay, Doctor," he remarked, "remember how long I have been away, and don't tantalize me. What is it? Does it concern—concern May?"

"Yes, Jack. She is engaged to be married."

John Westmacott gripped the reins so sharply that the horse reared. It gave excuse for his temporary silence; then rather huskily came the interrogation:

"To whom, Doctor?"

"Your friend, Thomas Midway."

"My friend?" muttered the ex-pupil between his teeth; "curse him!" Then aloud: "How long has she been engaged, Doctor?"

"Only since you have been on your voyage," answered the boy, or she would have written to tell you. You will have to wish her joy."

"I do, and—but this under his breath—"him. He has robbed me of her."

It was so. John Westmacott had come back to the home of his childhood, the love of his youth. In those days he had termed her his little wife; laughingly she accepted the title. In nothing had he been more serious. During all his absence, while fighting for that fortune, he had realized, and with a painful trouble, one idea had upheld him—the returning to England and marrying May Westleigh. He had never doubted that she knew of and reciprocated his affection. He had come back to find his happiness scattered by the winds.

How he went through the evening that ensued, he never knew. How he calmly kissed the cheek May in all innocence presented to "her brother," how quietly he listened to the story of the holly-bough, and how he took to his heels, when the girl told him she never unraveled. All seemed the act of another person, not himself. Only when he found himself unexpectedly alone with May, just before leaving, did he lose his self-control. Flinging out his hands towards her, he cried:

"May, why have you thus deceived me? You knew I loved you. Why did you not warn me of this? Why let me return to be so cruelly disappointed? Why of all men did you select Thomas Midway, who knew my secret? And a crafty coward to have won you from me; but, by Heaven, he shall rue his treachery."

"Jack!" exclaimed the girl, pale and alarmed, "what do you mean?"

"That I love you, May, and have always loved you—must love you to my dying hour."

Before she had divined his intent, he had taken her in his arms, pressing a kiss on her forehead; and he had gone, and the girl, full of grief and despair, weeping on a chair. A voice aroused her. Looking up, she beheld Thomas Midway by her side. His face was very white, his brow contracted his lips compressed.

"May," he said, hoarsely, "I have heard every word. I was yonder, pointing to the conservatory. 'What is all this? What does he mean by your deceiving him?'"

"Tom, I know no more than you; unless he takes a childish joke in seriousness. Papa shall settle him. He has called me a coward, accused me of worse. The task must be made to do it."

He moved away. She tried to stay him, but for once he was deaf to her voice. The outer door banged, and the snow, followed by the rain or snow, came, swelled into the dimensions of a river, intersected the road leading from the rectory to the village, and on this night it rushed and eddied in whirling foam between its banks and the sea. Spanning its floor was a rustic bridge, about which grew a few firs and larches.

It was here that Thomas Midway overtook John Westmacott. What passed between them we need not minutely repeat. It was a scene of passion and mystery, first, which was speedily followed by angry words, blended with threats. Then there was a blow, a sharp, short struggle, and one man, the spot, while the other lay on the river's bank, with his face on the snow, motionless and still—by his side a spray of the holly-branch May Westleigh that morning had gathered.

#### CHAPTER III.

Not proven. That was the verdict. John Westmacott, there was good reason to believe, had been murdered, and by Thomas Midway. The two young men had quitted the rectory together, each bound for the village. Only one, however, Thomas Midway, had arrived at the inn, his clothes in disorder, his manner agitated, his shirt-front blood-stained. The next morning John Westmacott was missing.

Search was made, and not only indications of a severe struggle were discovered on the left bank of the river, but also the impress of a man's body in the snow, a sprig of holly, a gold seal, and a cane, all of which were John Westmacott's property. But the body of John Westmacott was absent.

On being arrested, Thomas Midway confessed that he and John Westmacott had fought by the bridge, upon what matter he refused to state. But he declared that the impress upon the snow, and eagerly he explained the mystery of his disappearance on that eventful night.

Maddened by passion, after striking Thomas Midway down, he set off to a neighboring seaport, resolving never place foot in the rectory again.

A vessel, when he arrived, was on the point of starting for Norway—a place he had long desired to visit—and he took passage in her, hoping to travel to find distraction from his misery.

In Norway he had remained until a week back, when chance had thrown into his hands an old newspaper containing Thomas Midway's trial.

Shocked and overwhelmed with remorse, he had not lost a moment in returning to Scotland by the first ship that sailed, which, by a singular chain of circumstances, happened to be

wrecked on the very part of the coast which he wished to reach.

"You have saved my life, Tom," said he, warmly pressing his friend's palm, "and I am here to prove your innocence. Forgive the past, and," taking May's hand, and himself placing it in the other's, "I pray you may be happy. If your guilt was not proven, your devotion is, and fully merits the reward of May Westleigh's love."—*English Magazine.*

#### A New Star.

A new star has appeared in the constellation Cygnus (the Swan). On the evening of Nov. 24th, Professor Schmidt, director of the Athens Observatory, noticed there a star of the third magnitude. Not only was no star of that brightness there before, or any star visible to the naked eye, but it was found when catalogues and charts came to be examined, that no star had ever been noted there, even in lists meant to include all stars down to the tenth magnitude. For instance, Argelander has made such a list, and charts from it, showing no less than 324,000 stars—that is, a hundred times as many as we have seen of our own sky.

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## LOCAL MATTERS.

Several weddings are on the tapis.

Our Roll of Honor will be published next week.

Mr. Hammond is having the front of his hotel cleaned.

The farmers throughout the county are in great need of rain.

Spring chickens are arriving in the market and being sold at 12 cents.

The State Grange Fair is to be held in Montgomery some time in October.

The Town Council on Monday last unanimously elected Matt Pruitt, Esq., Marshal of the town for the ensuing year.

The health of Jacksonville is never better. There is not a serious case of sickness in the town. The health in the county is also excellent.

Mr. Roberts, of the Oxford Tribune, paid us a flying visit on Monday last. There seems to be some attraction for him in or near Jacksonville.

We are glad to see Dr. Miller W. Francis on the streets again, much improved in health, though he has lost his voice and only converses in a whisper.

County Court was in session Tuesday. But one case was called. The defendant was charged with striking a negro woman. He pleaded guilty, and was fined \$10.

Corn is very scarce in this section. Farmers are buying from the merchants. Rowan & Co. sold a car load in one day last week. It is selling at one dollar per bushel.

It is proposed to call a meeting of citizens, at an early day, for the purpose of considering the feasibility of building, by subscription, a cotton factory in or near Jacksonville.

The gill-net seiners, who did not care much about catching fish by that process, because they were too easily caught, returned from Nesbitt's pond with a few bluegill last Monday.

We are sorry to hear a report from Mr. S. McCollum, a miles west of this place, that grasshoppers in great numbers are destroying his cotton, and hope that their devastations may be confined to a small locality.

The hotels are ready to receive visitors from the low country at such low rates that it would be cheaper for the people from that section to spend the summer here, where the mountain breezes keep the air cool, than at home.

Hon. T. A. Walker has returned to his home in this place, from a visit to Arkansas hot springs. He experienced little or no benefit from the springs, but his many friends will be pleased to learn that he has improved considerably since his return.

Cotton factories have been doing pretty well of late. The Sagamore Mills, of Fall River, Mass., have earned 22 per cent. upon their capital during the past six months, says the St. Louis Republic. Really there is nothing very discouraging in this.

NEW PROCESS OF SAVING MEAT.—When it is smoked, take down and pack on a layer of corn cobs—skin down, and cover each layer with pulverized charcoal and cobs, covering the top with the same. Not a bug, mouse or other thing will disturb it. It will be kept sweet and fresh. This receipt is furnished by S. Woodruff, of this county, who has tried it and never known it to fail.

CALHOUN COUNTY GRANGE.—The senior editor of this paper visited Oxford on Thursday 24th ult., in attendance on the meeting of the Calhoun County Grange. The meeting was fully attended by delegates, and much important business transacted, among which was the purchase and transfer of Calhoun College to Calhoun County Grange. The people of Oxford seemed hopeful and cheerful, and business quite lively for this season of the year. We were informed that there was but one house in the town unoccupied, and that only because it was not in a condition to live in. A part of our time we were a guest in the excellent hotel kept by S. C. Kelly, Esq., and a part with our old friend, and worthy and useful citizen, D. P. Zunnels. The delegates to the Grange, and others in attendance, were furnished with an excellent and sumptuous dinner and supper by the ladies of Oxford and vicinity, a number of whom attended the session of the Grange. After dinner, while we sat and meditated, (for we had to rest) it was with a slight shade of sadness that we reflected that at our age we could not be expected to love any one woman as passionately as we had and did in early life; yet we had the consolation of knowing that we made ample amends for this by entertaining respect, esteem and admiration for them all.

Favorable reports of crop prospects generally were made, especially that of wheat. We were shown a lot in Oxford, town in wheat by S. K. Borders, Esq., containing about three-fourths of an acre, which is certainly the finest we have ever seen in the State. Mr. D. D. Draper, a good judge and excellent farmer, expressed the opinion that it would make at the rate of forty bushels to the acre. Dr. S. C. Williams had a large lot adjoining, upon which was growing an excellent crop of wheat. He informed us that he had put it in wheat five years in succession, and made two crops every year, following his wheat with peas and corn, and then sowing wheat the same fall. The present fine crop he attributed to the fertilizing properties of the peas, as he had used but little manure. Facts like these ought to convince all our farmers that it will pay to fertilize their lands, and take more

## The Picnic at Weaver's Station.

The sun rose on Saturday morning bright and clear; a light breeze sprang up about 9 o'clock and gently fanned the faces of the hundreds from all parts of the county, on their way to the Sunday School picnic at Weaver's Station.

Jacksonville sent a large delegation. Carriage after carriage filed down the road that led to the picnic grounds, loaded with little children, and large ones too, all with faces beaming with happiness in the enjoyment of the present, and in anticipating the pleasure that was to come. We heard of no accident occurring to any of the numerous vehicles that went from here, all arriving on the grounds in safety, and on time. When the party with which we went reached there an immense crowd had already assembled, composed of the Presbyterian and Methodist Sunday Schools of Oxford, the Sunday School of Weaver's Station in a body, and delegations from all, or nearly all, the Sunday Schools in the county, beside a large number of older persons from all parts of the county.

Banders with various devices floated above the throng, and by the inscriptions upon them indicated the schools represented. We went forward to where we heard a brass band discoursing sweet music, and was surprised to find the arrangements for the accommodation of visitors so complete. A large stand had been erected in a splendid grove of oaks, whose foliage completely shut out the heat of the sun. The stand was carpeted and festooned with flags and flowers. Some of the larger trees were also festooned with evergreens and flowers, as were a number of arches that had been erected adjacent to the seats which had been placed in front of the stand and which seated about twelve hundred persons. Within a hundred yards of the stand a cold spring furnished an abundance of cool water for the throng. A brook wended its circuitous way through the grove, and its banks afforded many a retreat for the numerous couples who found more pleasure in a *tele-a-tele* discussing love, poetry, music and flowers, than in either listening to the Sabbath School addresses or mixing with the crowd. At about 10 o'clock Mr. J. M. Ledbetter, Superintendent of Weaver's Station Sunday School, and Master of Ceremonies, sounded his little bell, and silence reigned. An earnest prayer was offered to the Most High by Rev. Mr. Stevenson, after which interesting addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Brown, of Jacksonville, Mr. Ward and Mr. Abner Williams, of Oxford.

The exercises were varied by songs from the Sabbath School Children and by music from the Oxford Cornet Band, which was rendered in an artistic and skillful manner. When the programme for the day had been completed, so far as the exercises at the stand were concerned, the immense crowd broke up into knots, and the many good things to eat that had been hidden away in baskets were brought out, and every soul on the ground had an opportunity of enjoying an excellent dinner. We know of several *élite* dinners at half a dozen different places. All you had to do to be overwhelmed with invitations to dine, was to separate yourself from the crowd, lean against a tree, and look lonesome, and some one would come bounding towards you with an invitation.

The county candidates took advantage of this, and we know of one who invited at least fifty persons to dine with him, when it was never certainly known whether or not he had brought out anything to eat. After dinner the flirting among the young folk began in earnest. A few more, interested in seeing the large cave but a half mile distant, repaired thither and explored its mysteries. The party with which we went were led by a guide whose head was probably turned by the presence of the girls, who took us far into the cave and then acknowledged he was lost. The young ladies were a little frightened, but Miss Rosa R.'s cool courage reassured them, and after rambling about for about half an hour a torch from parties coming from the entrance opposite to that by which we came, disclosed the way out of the labyrinth. A number of persons who did not want to see the cave, or engage in flirting, collected around the stand and called upon Mr. Jeffries for a speech, which he gave them. After the speech Mr. Ledbetter presented a handsome cake to the Oxford brass band, which was represented by Mr. Roberts of the Oxford Tribune, who received it. The crowd then gradually dispersed.

Altogether, it was one of the most delightful occasions we have ever witnessed in this county. Over a thousand people were present, and there was not a single drunken man on the ground, nor did any unpleasantness of any kind occur during the whole day.

## Notes from the Oxford Tribune.

County Grange met in Oxford Friday, 25th ult. Editor got a square meal. Dr. Armanville neighborhood will not make more than half a crop of wheat.

Mr. G. P. Arman has had 26 swarms of bees from 11 colonies.

Mrs. Sarah C. Warneck, mother of Robt. N. Warneck, of Oxford, died May 19th.

Telegraph office reopened. Eumenean Society have been discussing the question: "Would a general European war be beneficial to the true interests of our own country?" Negative side won; but affirmative side want to try it over again.

Married, of the 23d ult., by Rev. E. T. Smyth, Mr. Thos. P. Barron and Miss Katie Johnson.

Some wheat fields about White Plains will yield 25 or 30 bushels to the acre. General crop good.

"Is the moon a dead planet?" discusses an exchange. We are not particularly good at cosmology, but we think the moon cuts up too many shins.

The County Grange, as so incorporated body, completed the purchase of the College at this place. Its last meeting, and the valuable building and grounds is now the absolute property of the Grangers of the county. The building cost some twelve or thirteen thousand dollars to the stockholders, but was sold to the Grange for \$2500, on easy terms. The officers of the Grange, and some two or three outside parties, will constitute the Board of Trustees. This Board will meet soon and take steps to procure good teachers, preparatory to opening the College soon.

We expect the Grangers and farmers of the county to make the College a great success; and right now, we pledge them the earnest support and patronage of the town, to that end. The amateur theatrical entertainment, mentioned last week, will take place at the Court House on the 15th inst. We learn that extensive preparations are being made for having a large crowd in attendance. Special rates on the railroad for persons living in Oxford have been made. In addition to the music Jacksonville affords, it is probable the Oxford Cornet Band will be on hand. The programme of the exercises has not yet been published, but from what we can learn of it, we can promise all who attend a *fine intellectual treat*. The price of admission will be so small that it will be in the power of all to attend. We are glad that the young folk have determined to do something to relieve the monotony of these dull times.

Officers, and others interested, should take notice that the late publication law does away with all posting of legal notices. Sales of personal property under executions and decrees must be published ten days; of real estate, thirty days. In all other cases, where the law makes no provision for the time, the publication must be at least three weeks. No sale is legal where posting is done in a county where a paper is published.—*Cherokee Advertiser*.

"TOUCH ME GENTLY, FATHER TIME." is the title of a new and beautiful song and chorus, by Charlie Baker, author of the famous, "He Holds the Fort of Heaven." Dealers are ordering it by the thousand. The whole country will soon be singing "Touch me Gently, Father Time." Any music dealer will mail you this beautiful song for 40 cents. Published by F. W. Helmick, 50 West 41st street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Owing to the fact that we had to wait Friday 2 o'clock for the last of the Premium List copy, we failed to get off the REPUBLICAN to subscribers on that day as usual. But we mail it on Saturday, our regular publication day.

We are prepared to print election tickets with great rapidity on our fast Jobber, and will be happy to take orders from the candidates whenever they begin the circulation of these important little slips among their friends.

The name of Joseph A. Jones is added to the list of candidates for County Treasurer this week.

Dr. J. R. Garber, who has practiced medicine in West Alabama for the last ten years, we understand has concluded to locate in this place, and will be here in a short time.

Roddy Duke, an old and respected citizen, died at his residence in the western part of this county on Thursday last.

GREENE'S GALLERY will close very soon.—Business.

The Jacksonville Female Academy will be open to all the Trustees, patrons and friends of the institution for the next four weeks.

Green's Gallery is still open for another week after this.

## COUNTY INTELLIGENCE.

The name of L. H. Wagoner is added to the candidates for Commissioner.

MARSHALL.—It has been very dry in this section, but plenty of rain last week; thank you.

Mr. Elgin and Tom B. have been speaking of sending for a dozen pair of sheep shears, for the purpose of cutting their flocks. They are all right now. We held a convention at this place last Sunday, and have agreed to vote for the man who drinks the best whisky. We send around your candidate and let us hear sampling. If we are not at home, inquire where the boys are at work.

## SANDY.

PEEK'S HILL.—The farmers in this section are very busy hoeing cotton. Some have planted corn with their cotton. Very few have good stands. The prospect for a good corn crop is better this spring than it has been for several years. Wheat is badly injured by the fly. Rust is showing very fast.

Our country is improving rapidly. A great deal of fresh lands were opened last winter. Mr. L. Wesson is running two sets of corn mills, and will be ready to take flour in a short time.

The boys are going to fish the pond Saturday. With much success. The Steam Mill Company at Peek's Hill are getting along finely; every fellow whistles for himself.

A new industry has sprung up near Middleton: Mr. J. B. has gone into the goose business. He has killings large enough to swim.

## YOUNG FARMER.

CANE CREEK.—Crops in this section are in a good condition for growing, and all they need is some refreshing showers to make them look well.

Mr. James Hughes has the best piece of corn we have seen this season. It looks like corn buyers would not be able to accommodate.

tion-at-home. The farmers on the creek are working their crops with more energy this year, than any year since the war. They all seem to be preparing to struggle against the mighty foe to prosperity,—hard times.

Mrs. Abner Borders, of the vicinity of White Plains, has been visiting her relations and friends on the creek this week. She was greeted with a welcome hand by all who met her.

We cannot refrain from acknowledging our appreciation of the essay published in the last issue of the REPUBLICAN read by Miss Fannie Williams, of White Plains, before the Good Templars of the town and vicinity. We regard it as an example worthy of imitation, and believe if the young ladies of Calhoun county would promulgate their sentiments on the subject of temperance that much good would be accomplished thereby. Will not the young men of Calhoun county be admonished by such judicious advice? We rejoice in the thought that there is one true and faithful soldier in the temperance field. Will not other young ladies take measures with her? CREEK.

MARTIN'S CROSS ROADS.—Crops are suffering very much for rain in this vicinity. Farmers have had beautiful weather for cultivating their crops, and hence they are in a good condition for growing, if it would rain soon. The mornings are very cool, and cotton is very meagre on that account. The insects will, and are working on it now. Wheat has improved wonderfully in the last three weeks. The heads are short, but well filled, and it is said the crop will be heavier than for many years; while oats will be a perfect failure if it does not rain soon, especially the spring sown. Gardens have been very promising, but need rain very much now. Sweet potatoes will be late this year, as the farmers haven't rain so that they could set out their slips, and they are still in the beds.

ADIEU TO PAT McCARTY. Since you bid me a friendly *au revoir*, I extend a parting hand; When you reach Ireland's shore, Then you'll find your native land.

May your voyage a happy one be— And will you sometimes think of me When you reach your native shore, And I can see the smoke no more? Farewell, Farewell, Farewell.

CORN GROVE.—Died near this place on the 25th inst., John N. Davis, aged seventy nine years. He was the father of J. F. Davis, of this place. He had been a consistent member of the Baptist Church near fifty years.

Married in Cleburne County, May 20, by the Rev. J. F. Potter, William Peterson, to Miss Sarah Hendon, daughter of J. M. Hendon Esq.

The Methodists of this town and vicinity have in contemplation the erection of a very commodious house of worship during this year.

The Crops are suffering for rain very much at present. Wheat has improved wonderfully for the past month and now bids fair to make an average crop for this country. A great many oats will not be high enough to cut, unless we have rain very soon.

There is a good deal of complaint of poor stands of cotton; a great deal of it has died since it came up, owing to the cold nights. We suggest that all the candidates unite and have a grand old-fashioned barbecue at some central point in the county.

RABBIT TOWN.—Wheat is doing well. On some plantations it is reported good; others, sorry. The farmers are done hoeing. Cotton, which is very backward, come up all right, and then took a seat, I suppose to rest until the weather turns warm and rainy. Corn is doing well, but would be better off with a shower like the one we had on the 21st of May. Upland oats will not get high enough to cut, only with sheep shears, unless it rains soon.

W. J. Whitfield lost a valuable dog last week. Poor fellow, he died at his post on the roadside, barking at candidates. JOE.

LADIGA.—James H. Savage has returned from Lincoln, Ill. J. A. Graham has moved his shop across the street to his old stand.

Some of the citizens will cut wheat next week. Corn is looking tolerably well in this section, for the dry season.

One William Smith was killed Wednesday night by south bound passenger train, at Nances Creek bridge, near this place. Particulars will be given.

J. B. Palmer has just returned from the lower part of Calhoun, where he has been traveling in the interest of the Russell Thresher Company. G. W. W.

Cross Plains 3:30 School. Rev. G. B. RUSSELL, Principal. Miss ANNA CLEAVLAND, Ass't.

This School, for Boys and Girls, located at Cross Plains, Calhoun county, Ala. is now in successful operation. All branches systematically taught. Good decorum and thorough instruction the motto of the Teachers. Cross Plains is situated on the Selma, Rome & Dalton R.R. is easily accessible from all parts of the county, and is one of the most healthy and moral communities in the State. Good Sabbath Schools and church privileges every Sabbath. No liquor sold in the place. Parents now have a splendid opportunity of giving their children a good education, and at the same time have them surrounded by moral influences. Board can be had at from \$8 to \$10 per month.

Rates of Tuition per month. First class ..... \$1.50 Second ..... 1.00 Third ..... .75 Fourth ..... .50 Pupils charged from the time they enter until the close of session, except in cases of contracted sickness. Nov. 17—Cm.

Business Notices. W. W. NESBIT IS NOW prepared with Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper to do all kinds of work and repairing on Stoves and Machinery. SMOKE STACKS of superior construction which will make more smoke in a shorter time than any other, a specialty. MEASURES, SKINNERS, DIPPERS, &c. constantly on hand for sale. RAPID SURGEON COOLER.—The best thing ever invented. Does away with the necessity of cooling in barrels. Terms cash, or good paper. Jacksonville, May 24, 1877.

## AT THE RED STORE

you will always find Meat, Lard, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Flour, Corn, Corn-meal, Crockery & Glassware, Lamps, Lamp fixtures, Buggies & Wagon Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Trace chains, Backbands, & every thing in the grocery or harness line at rock bottom cash prices. Harness and Saddle repairing a specialty.

Maddox & Privett will give you groceries or anything they sell for your clean cotton rags.

Those PEACH GRITS & HONEY at Maddox & Privett's 20 lbs. for one dollar are perfectly splendid with gravy.

Full weight 1 lb. plugs TOBACCO at the Red Store for 15 cents each.

La Estrella Figa is the brand of the finest little cigar in town & for sale at the Red Store.

Fresh Tomatoes at the Red Store 20 cents per can, who are going to get the small lot of fresh tomatoes coddish at Maddox and Privett for 10 cents per pound call at once or miss it, a bargain.

Harness and saddle making and repairing done extremely low during the dull season.

MADDOX & PRIVETT.

A SPLENDID TWO-HORSE WAGON for sale.—Terms easy.—Price low.—Apply to JOHN M. CALDWELL. May 19—3t.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

[Extract of a letter of Dr. Lovie Pierce, of Sparta, to Rev. L. F. Davies.] Macoon, Jan. 8, 1876.

Dear Bro. Davies, Excuse me for writing only when I am deeply interested. I have been speechless about two months. Could not read and pray in a family. Had tried many things. Got no benefit from any. Since conference some one sent me from America a bottle of Thresh's Consumptive Cure and Lung Restorer, which I have been taking now, this is the sixth day, and I can talk now with some ease. I came here, a monger other things, to supply myself with this medicine. No druggist here has it on sale. I must have it. I want you to let person to Thresh & Co., show them this letter, and make them send me by express to Sparta, Ga., two, three or four bottles, with bill. I am getting on fine.

(Signed) LOVIE PIERCE. For sale by Dr. W. M. NESBIT, Jacksonville, Ala. Sep. 23—3m.

## THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

No people in the world are so much with Dyspepsia as Americans. Although years of experience in medicine had failed to accomplish a certain and sure remedy for this disease and its effects, such as Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, Water-brash, Sick Headache, Constipation, palpitation of the Heart, Liver complaint, coming up of the food, low spirits, general debility, etc., yet since the introduction of GREEN'S AROMATIC FLAVOR we believe there is no case of Dyspepsia that cannot be immediately relieved. 30,000 dozen sold last year without one case of failure reported. Go to your Druggist, Dr. W. M. NESBIT, and get a sample bottle for it costs and try it. Two doses will relieve you. Regular size 75 cents.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SIGMA HAIR RESTORER now stands among the first, and at the head of all articles for a similar purpose. The testimony of our physicians is conclusive as to its value; and we are personally acquainted with scores of cases where it has been used with the best of results. It will restore gray hair to its original color, and leaves it glossy, and in a healthy condition; while, for heads troubled with dandruff, or any disease of the scalp, it acts like a charm in cleansing them. Try it, and you will not be disappointed.

Local Courier, May 2, 1868.

"BLUE MOUNTAIN ROUTE." Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad, Taking Effect Sunday, April 8, 1877.

6:10 a.m. Leave Selma. Arrive 9:30 a.m. 7:55 " " Randolph, " 7:10 " 9:20 " " Calera, " 7:35 " 11:35 " " Talladega, " 8:15 " 12:40 p.m. " " " 8:45 " 12:50 " " Anniston, " 12:55 " 1:50 " " Jacksonville, " 12:55 " 2:50 " " Stoneville, " 10:45 p.m. 2:58 " " Tecumseh, " 10:40 " 3:07 " " Pratt, " 10:35 " 3:17 " " Cave Spring, " 10:05 " 4:15 " " " " 9:10 " 4:25 " " " " 8:50 " 5:10 " " " " 8:05 " 5:15 " " " " 8:15 " Arrive Dalton, Leave 8:15 p.m.

Through Stages will run from Vicksburg to Selma, without change. Connecting the line with R. T. V. & G. R. for Eastern Virginia cities. Virginia Springs, and with W. & A. R. for Chattanooga and all western cities. Close connection at Calera for Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans. Close connection at Selma with Ala. Cen. R. R. for Meridian, Jackson, New Orleans, and Vicksburg, with good sleeping accommodations.

M. STANTON, Gen. Supt. April 7, 1877. RAY KNIGHT, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Cross Plains 3:30 School. Rev. G. B. RUSSELL, Principal. Miss ANNA CLEAVLAND, Ass't.

This School, for Boys and Girls, located at Cross Plains, Calhoun county, Ala. is now in successful operation. All branches systematically taught. Good decorum and thorough instruction the motto of the Teachers. Cross Plains is situated on the Selma, Rome & Dalton R.R. is easily accessible from all parts of the county, and is one of the most healthy and moral communities in the State. Good Sabbath Schools and church privileges every Sabbath. No liquor sold in the place. Parents now have a splendid opportunity of giving their children a good education, and at the same time have them surrounded by moral influences. Board can be had at from \$8 to \$10 per month.

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For County Treasurer.

We are authorized to announce ISAAC L. SWAN, as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce THOMAS L. WAKELEY, as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce E. L. WOODWARD, Sr., as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce R. F. (Tobe) HUGHES, as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce JOSEPH A. JONES, as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

For Tax Collector.

We are authorized to announce Capt. C. W. BREWTON, as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce Humphrey Posey Whiteside, as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce M. D. C. SPRADLEY, as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce E. MCLELEN, as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce JAMES M. WEBSTER, as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce JOSEPH BORDEN, as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce JEROME B. SMITH, as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce W. F. JORDAN, as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

For Tax Assessor.

We are authorized to announce JOHN A. GLENN, as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce J. MICHAEL MOORE, as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce W. F. HANNA, as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce HON. A. WOODS, as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce SAMUEL B. WHITE, Sr., as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce A. B. LEDBETTER, as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce ALFRED MOORE MORGAN, as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce B. J. (SEAB.) MATTHEWS, as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce GEORGE W. WILSON, as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce D. F. SHUFORD, as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce D. Z. GOODLETT, as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce WILLIAM J. BROCK, as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce D. J. CLARK, as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce JOHN H. CRAWFORD, as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce W. A. STEWART, as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

For County Commissioner.

We are authorized to announce R. H. GRIFFIN, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce AB. LITTLEJOHN, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce BAILEY G. MCLELEN, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce W. C. SCARBROUGH, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce JAMES D. HOLLINGSWORTH, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce JOHN M. PATTERSON, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce WARREN HARRIS, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce MATTHEW E. EZZELLE, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce CAPT. M. H. FOWLER, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce A. M. STEWART, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce JOSEPH L. KIRBY, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce A. D. WILKINS, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce MARK DRISKEILL, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.



## SILVER WAR

EVERWARE  
AS PREMIUMS

# IMPORTANT NOTICE

## A \$4 Set of Extra Plated SILVER SPOONS

Bring away as a Special Premium to the subscribers of this paper, Silver Goods furnished under this Premium Proposition are from the well known and reliable Union Silver Plating Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Under a very favorable proposition from the above well known house, all those persons to this paper can secure a useful and beautiful as well as very valuable Premium, in the shape of a handsome set of Extra Plated Silver Spoons, warranted equal to the best article of the kind sold in this country for \$4.00 and over. And in addition, each spoon will be handsomely engraved with your name gratis.

All who are entitled to receive this elegant and useful Premium can do so on compliance with the following conditions:—Send your name and post-office address, together with your express order to the Union Silver Plating Company, 716 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Together with the following Premium Coupon, and inclose with your order a stamp, or pay cost of engraving your initials, express charges, boxing, and packing, and you will receive by return express (or mail, if you have no express office) a full set of extra plated silver spoons free of any charge. All express and packing charges are covered by the 71 cent extra.

Spoons will be delivered to residence.

do not desire to have the spoon engraved, but  
are only required to send the coupon to the  
pressage and boxing. The coupon must be at  
least be sent, to indicate that you are  
interested in this premium, as this very liberal offer is  
extended to any one who is not a patron of this  
paper. The retail price of this set of spoons is  
\$4.00, as the following letter will show:

OFFICE OF THE UNION SILVER PLATING CO.,  
PHILADELPHIA.

We assure all subscribers that the goods are  
sent out for one dollar and fifty cents, and that  
the usual retail price for these is \$4.00 per  
set. Our lowest price to jobbers is \$2.50 per  
dozen sets, and we will not sell these at any  
other price, or send them in single sets to any  
one who does not send the required coupon, im-  
plying that the sender is a patron of this paper.

UNION SILVER PLATING CO.

**Premium Silver Spoon Coupon.**

**PREMIUM**  
**SILVERWARE**

**Warranted Extra**  
**SILVER PLATE.**

To the Union Silver Plating Co., Philadelphia.  
This is to certify that I have a subscriber of  
the paper from which I have cut this Cou-  
pon, and am willing to receive the premium

arrangement, to a full rest of extra places  
heretofore by any angle, and no other  
enclose herewith 70 etc. to pay rates,  
packing, boxing and engraving charges.  
In return receipt of this letter, express  
charge prepaid in full, a full set of his  
originals of all letters, papers, documents  
and materials of the sender, or any other thing  
of value, shall be sent to me, and I will  
be honored by you free ninety days from  
the date of this paper, after which it will  
be null and void.

SUNION SILVER PLATE CO., PENNA., PA.

As soon as the necessary cost can be met  
factured, all who secure the above stated  
valuable premiums, will be permitted to see  
a full set of silver plated knives and forks, &c.  
the same liberal basis.

6-154

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EXTERNAL PLEURESY  
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Pills from Druggists, be careful to get the  
article. Observe that the signature of the  
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J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

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For three months in advance \$0.75

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## EACH DAY WELL-SPENT.

Each day well-spent; how sweet the thought! Worth all the gold that Earth hath wrought; That glitters in this world below; Makes man to be just what he should, And just as God intended—good—A faithful friend and devotee, Sincere in his humility.

A noble form, a noble mien, A noble mind—these most are seen, Not in the outward, empty grace, But in the inward, thoughtful face. As greatest treasures most are found Deep in the Earth, far underground, So purest thoughts and highest aims Deep in the soul, full found, remain.

Each day well-spent brings peace of mind, The joy, the bliss of human kind, Without which man were poor indeed; Though great his wealth, there is his need: Wealth's measured only by the store Of Good Deeds—nothing less or more.

As Vice and Virtue's foe far apart, So Good, not Bad, must rule the heart, Industry is the darling theme On which to dwell, on which to dream; Then Life's great tolls did recompense In what we need most—his good sense; Good sense can only come from Heaven, And come it must when well we've striven—A fit reward, but nothing more—And this is Life's best, richest store.

There lived in a village not far from New York city, a gentleman, by name Benjamin Top, who thought there was nothing in life to equal a good joke. He owned a small store and kept almost every article of domestic and agricultural use, and was thereby pretty well acquainted with all the townspeople, as they were likewise acquainted with him. Mr. Top had played so many pranks on the people around him that he would have made enemies but for his constant good humor, and his ability to soothe the parties he had irritated almost beyond endurance.

The first of April was Mr. Top's special delight, and that was a smart child who entered his store without being the victim of some trick; so that from morn till night of the first day of April his face was one broad grin, and it happened that all who sought to catch him had the laugh turned on themselves.

A few years ago, as the first of April approached, our merry friend looked around to see who would be a fitting subject for a joke.

"I must have a first-rate one this time," said he, to himself. "Who shall it be? Let me think; ah!—I have it! Dr. Scroggins; yes, it shall be. What shall I send—a love letter? No, he looks too woe-begone for that."

After considering awhile, Top drew the pen and ink near him and wrote as follows:

"Dr. Scroggins:—Dear Sir: Please call as early as possible at Messrs. S. & B.—S. No. 1—Wall street, New York, where you will hear something to your advantage."

Then, folding and directing the letter, he snapped his fingers with childish delight.

"I'll send him to New York on a fool's errand," said he, and have a good laugh at his expense.

Dr. Scroggins, the subject of this heartless joke, was a bachelor of about forty years of age; he had been living in the village only six months, and had thus far got a very small practice; not that he lacked ability, but he was awkward in his person, and in his manner not very prepossessing, and being shy and reserved in his disposition, was but little fitted to push his way into society. He seemed to be very poor, for he rented a small office, supplied himself with the simplest food, and his lounge acted as his bed at night.

The first day of April rose bright and clear; Dr. Scroggins, who was an early riser, prepared his simple breakfast, and after partaking of it, and arranging his office, took his seat to await expected calls for consultation, or to request his attendance on some suffering invalid. But no such calls were made, and the doctor sighed heavily under the pressure of disappointment.

"What can hinder my progress? I understand my profession," he said, "in not a single instance have I failed to give relief when called to the bed of the suffering. Ah me! if I had only myself to care for, I would be content to live on bread and water till I could gain the confidence of the people. But you, my poor sister, who has already drunk deeply of the cup of sorrow, must have more added to it. And what can I do? Nothing!"

The doctor pulled a letter out of his pocket and read:

"I would not trouble you, my dear, kind brother," wrote his sister, "knowing as I do how poor your prospects are, and how patiently you are trying to wait for practice, did not want press on me and my child. If you can spare me a little—ever so little—it will come as a blessing, for my extremity is very great."

Just at this time the letter-carrier stopped and handed the doctor a letter; he opened and looked at it in perfect amazement then read it over for the second time.

"Something to my advantage! What can it be?" he said. "Dear sister, should there be any thing good in store for me, how freely will I share it with you and your darling Emma! Surely the good God has heard and answered my prayer."

## The Real April Fool.

What Came of a Practical Joke.

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## A KISS ON DEMAND.

It was a very peculiar sound, something like the popping of a champagne cork, but exactly like nothing but itself, it was a kiss.

A kiss implies two parties—unless it be one of those symbolical kisses produced by one pair of lips, and wafted through the air in token of affection or admiration. But this particular kiss was genuine. The parties in the case were Mrs. Phoebe Mayflower, the newly married wife of honest Tom Mayflower, gardener to Mr. Augustus Scatterly, and that young gentleman himself. Gus was a good-hearted, rattle-brained, spendthrift, who had employed the two or three years which had elapsed since his majority in "making ducks and drakes" of the pretty little fortune left him by his defunct sire. There was nothing very bad about him, excepting his prodigious habits, and by those he was himself the severest sufferer. Tom, his gardener had been married a few weeks, and Gus, who had failed to be at the wedding, and missed the opportunity of "saluting the bride," took it into his head that it was both proper and polite that he should do so on the first occasion of his meeting her subsequently to the interesting ceremony. Mrs. Mayflower, the other party, interested in the case, differed from him in opinion and the young landlord kissed her in spite of himself. But she was not without a champion, for at the precise moment when Scatterly placed his audacious lips in contact with the blooming cheek of Mrs. M., Tom entered the garden and beheld the outrage.

"What are you doing, of Mr. Scatterly?" he roared.

"O, nothing Tom, but asserting my rights! I was only saluting the bride."

"Against my will, Tommy," said the bride blushing like a peony, and wiped the offended cheek with her checked apron.

"And I'll make you pay dear for it if there's law in the land," said Tom.

"Poh, poh! don't make a fool of yourself," said Scatterly.

"I don't mean to," answered the gardener dryly.

"You're not seriously offended at the innocent liberty I took?"

"Yes I be," said Tom.

"Well, if you view it in that light," answered Scatterly, "I shall feel bound to make you reparation. You shall have a kiss from my bride, when I'm married."

"I must confess," said Scatterly laughing, "the prospects of repayment seem rather distant. But who knows what will happen? I may not die a bachelor after all. And if I marry—I repeat it my dear fellow—you shall have a kiss from my wife."

"No he shall't," said Phoebe, "he shall kiss nobody, but me."

"Yes he shall," said Scatterly. "Have you got pen, ink, and paper, Tom?"

"To be sure," answered the gardener.

"Here they be, all handy."

Scatterly sat down and wrote as follows:

THE WILLOWS, August, 18—.

"Value received, I promise to pay Thomas Mayflower or order one kiss on demand."

"There you have a legal document," said the young man, as he handed the paper to the grinning gardener. "And now good folks, good bye."

"Mistakes will happen in the best regulated families," and so it chanced that, in the Autumn of the same year our bachelor met at the Springs a charming belle of Baltimore, to whom he lost his heart incontinently. His person and address were attractive, and though his prodigality had impaired his fortune, still a rich maiden aunt, who doted on him, Miss Persimmon Verjuice, promised to do the handsome thing by him on condition of his marrying and settling quietly to the management of his estate. So, under these circumstances, he proposed was accepted, and married, and brought home his beautiful young bride to reside at the Willows.

In the early days of the honeymoon one fine morning when Mr. and Mrs. Scatterly and the maiden aunt were walking together in the garden, Tom Mayflower, dressed in his best, made his appearance, wearing a smile of most peculiar meaning.

"Julia," said Augustus, carelessly to his young bride, "this is my gardener come to pay his respects to you—honest Tom Mayflower, a very worthy fellow, I assure you."

Mrs. Scatterly nodded condescendingly to the gardener who gazed on her with open eyes of admiration. She spoke a few words to him, inquired about his wife, his flowers, &c., and then turned away with the aunt as if to terminate the interview.

But Tom could not take his eyes off her, and he stood, gazing and admiring, and every now and then passing the back of his hand across his lips.

"What do you think of my choice, Tom?" asked Scatterly, confidentially.

"O, splendid!" said the gardener.

"Roses and lilies in her cheeks—oh?" said Scatterly.

"Her lips are as red as carnations, and her eyes as blue as larkspurs," said the gardener.

"I'm glad you like your new mistress; now go to work, Tom."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Scatterly, but I called to see you on business."

"Well—out with it."

All is hollow where the heart bears not a part, and all is peril where principle is not the guide.

## Florence.

The early history of Florence is involved in doubt and obscurity. According to some authorities, the city was founded by the Romans, according to others, by the Etruscans. The most probable conjecture is that it owes its origin to a colony from Fiesole, whose ancient ruins are still visible on the neighboring heights.

What vicissitudes has she not experienced? What experiments in government has she not tried? Foreign invasion followed by internal strife and dissension—Frank, Lombard, and Ostrogoth, Gepulph and Ghibeline, Bianchi and Neri, White Lily and Red. Now a fief of the German Emperor, now an appanage of the Pope; then a dependency of the King of Naples, or a province of the Austrian Kaiser; duchy, grand duchy, republic; at one time aristocratic, then democratic, afterward theocratic, while running through all the political phases of civil liberty, republican license, anarchy, and chaos; then ending in military despotism, until at length she has found repose beneath the standard of a constitutional monarchy.

And yet with her dukes, grand dukes, consuls, priors, gonfaloniers, and the rest, as if human experience did not furnish a sufficiently wide range for her political experiments, she elects the Marzocco, a brazen lion, as gonfalonier; and then, by a strange freak of religious fanaticism, casts her ballots for Jesus Christ as king, who, having been declared duly elected, was strangely enough deposed by his vicegerent, a Pope.

It is scarcely possible to photograph with pen and ink the physiognomy of a great city, or if you could, it would only be a photograph after all, lacking warmth of color and depth of tone. We must content ourselves with a silhouette. Let us take a brief survey of Florence from the heights of San Miniato or the Boboli Gardens. It is like looking at a person in profile. You get a clearer outline of the more prominent features, though it may be at the expense of the minutest details of form and expression.

The city lies mapped out before us in the form of an irregular polygon, unequally divided by the Arno, which with its broad and handsome quays and its numerous bridges with their graceful arches, constitutes one of the most striking features in the landscape. To the extreme right, conspicuous with its lofty tower and ornate facade of variegated marbles, is the dark, gloomy mass of Santa-Croce, the "Pantheon" of Florence. Beyond are the funeral effigies of the Protestant cemetery, where sleep the remains of Mrs. Browning and Theodore Parker. Farther on are the heights of Fiesole, the ancient rival of Florence, with its Franciscan convent and heavy crown of Colopoean walls. Between Fiesole and Carrara, once the seat of Lorenzo the Magnificent's Platonic Academy, is the famous Villa Palmieri, where Boccaccio, the father of Italian prose, laid the scene of his "Decameron," which inspired the "Canterbury Tales" of our own Chaucer, the Father of English poetry.

Directly in front of us is the enormous rectangular mass of the Palazzo Vecchio, with its medieval tower and frowning battlements. To the right the tapering spire of the Badia shoots heavenward. Beyond, looming up in imposing grandeur, is the wondrous dome of Brunelleschi, flanked by the marvelous Campanile of Giotto, solid as a fortress, and yet light and ethereal as an air castle. Immediately to the left of the Cathedral you can just see the octagonal dome of the Baptistery, the "bell San" of Dante, whose magnificent bronze doors transcribed Michael Angelo's to the seventh heaven of artistic enthusiasm. Beyond the Baptistery, San Lorenzo, the West-minster Abbey of Florence, proudly lifts its crest, as if in ambitious rivalry of the Duomo, while farther to the left Santa Maria Novella, with its graceful campanile, beautiful facade, and spacious cloisters, rejoices as the mystic bride of the great Buonarroti.

Crossing the Arno and sweeping westward, the eye is arrested for a moment by the dome of Santo Spirito, and then finds repose upon the beautiful heights of Belvedere. Nearer by is the Pitti Palace, with its famous gallery. From this you can trace the covered corridor that connects with the Uffizi, uniting the two like Siamese Twins of art, as they are, and constructed, it is said, upon the model of that which, according to Homer, once connected the palaces of Hector and Priam. As for the rest, Florence resembles most Italian cities viewed from an eminence—a heterogeneous jumble of red-tiled roofs, chimney-tops, dormer-windows, sky-lights, terraces, belfries, crosses, and flag-staffs, without the faintest hint of the crowded squares and thoroughfares below.—Harper's Magazine.

Women's Training.

It is a sad fact that a woman is assumed to be able to keep her household with judgment and success without the smallest training for it. With the other sex, in their spheres, no such rule obtains. No man is given the command of a boat or a squad until he has proved himself master of at least the technicalities of his command. But a girl of eighteen passes from the school room, where she has been in the position of a subordinate at all times under control, to the management of a household where she is supreme and the dispenser of favors or favors, the arranger of tasks and times, and without previous training in the care of herself expects to come to a good result in the management of men.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1877.

A tidal wave, extending from Japan to the American coast, has caused great destruction of life and property, especially in the Hawaiian Islands and the South American Pacific coast.

Ben. Butler, the spoon thief of New Orleans, has bought 71,000 acres of land in Colorado. He would like to go to the United States Senate from that State; Massachusetts won't send him.

The cotton spinners of Oldham, England, have decided to call a meeting of the whole trade, to consider the advisability of working on short time, in view of the depression in the trade of cotton goods.

While the crop reports from California continue dismal in the extreme, those from the valley of the Mississippi are as notably encouraging. The wheat harvest especially promises well, and unless unfavorable weather should supervene the yield bids fair to exceed the memorable year of 1864.

We, like the Marion Commencement, do not think, as now advised, that the Whig-Republican party, sought to be formed by the Hayes Republicans to divide the "Solid South." It will obtain many adherents. The Old Line Whigs, as well as the Democrats, have a perfect abhorrence of fraud, and, therefore, decline to assist the Republican party to prolong its existence.

A bill was introduced in the South Carolina legislature prohibiting the intermarriage of whites and blacks. The mulattoes of that body bitterly opposed the bill on the ground that the 17,000 colored men who voted for Hampton would foment the fact of its passage in their faces on every occasion. The Democrats saw the force of the argument and defeated the measure.

According to telegraph dispatches a singular accident took place at Millersville, Pa., last Saturday. An oil tank was struck by lightning, and in an instant huge flames burst forth and the country was illuminated for miles around. Several other tanks almost immediately took fire, and the scene is described as terrific. A severe storm added to the horrors of the situation. Thousands of barrels of oil and other property have been destroyed.

General Grant is visiting Europe. He will dine with Queen Victoria at an early day. He was cordially received by the people of Manchester, England, where he made a speech, in which he thanked them for the sympathy they displayed for the Northern cause during our civil war. The rumor that he is going to Turkey to take command of the Turkish army is without foundation. Grant only commands where overwhelming numbers ensure success.

Postmaster-General Key made a speech at Charlotte, N. C., the other day, in which he explained why he accepted a place in Hayes' Cabinet. He says he accepted as a Democrat, is still a Democrat, and will continue to be one. He says if he makes errors, he thought it best that the people should be misinformed and misperceived by declaration that the olive branch had been tendered and been refused. This declaration would make Blaine, Morton, Butler, and other extreme radicals, only the more furious.

It is highly probable that the recent political troubles in France may result in good to Europe. Prussia is watching France with the closest scrutiny, and recent events induce the former to believe that she must be free from all complications which may arise by reason of the Turkish war, in order that she may be ready to deal promptly with France, and hence she is urging Russia and Turkey both to make peace. Besides, the action taken by Roumania in declaring war against Turkey, has determined Austria to occupy certain Turkish provinces. Taking all these things into consideration, as well as the going of the Czar and Gortschakoff to the seat of war, the peace outlook is very encouraging. We are of those who believe that the Turkish war is an injury to our section.

For a long time Mexican cattle thieves have been raiding from time to time across the Texas border and pillaging right and left. Generally they have been able to get back to Mexican territory before they could be captured and punished. The Mexican government, though often complained to have, so far, been either unwilling or unable to stop their depredations. General Ord has at length been instructed by the Secretary of War to pursue these marauders across the Rio Grande, and into Mexico, until he effects their capture. If he obeys his instructions vigorously, much will be accomplished toward a suppression of the evil, though the invasion of Mexican soil by United States troops may give rise to complications that will bring about a war.

Some of the anti-Hayes newspapers are already charging that it is the deliberate purpose of the Administration to embroil this country in a war with Mexico in order to divert public attention from the means by which Hayes secured the Presidency, and to again cement the Radical party, which is fast going to pieces under the Southern policy of the Government. Be this as it may, such a war would work no detriment to the South, paralyzed as is all her financial interests under the contraction policy inaugurated by the Radical party and enforced in the interest of the money kings of the country. It would at least necessitate an expansion of the currency, and that is what the South and West want now above all things.

## The Radical Row.

Each day's mail brings additional information of dissensions in the Radical camp. The letter of Mr. Morton, in which he covertly assaulted Hayes' policy; the subsequent letter of Ben. Butler to Marshal Pickin, of Louisiana, in which the assault upon the President is more adroitly put, and for that very reason is the more effective; the energy displayed by Birnie and his friends, in the publication and discussion of Hayes' letter to Garfield, in which he virtually promised to secure him the Speakership of the next House if he would withdraw from the contest for Senator in Ohio against Stanley Matthews; the howl all through the Northern Radical press over the Kemper county, Mississippi, outrage as one of the results of Hayes' Southern policy; the speech of that infamous old scoundrel, that even Massachusetts could stand no longer, ex-Senator Boutwell, who, the other day at a decoration of soldiers graves, in which he abused the Southern people and the policy of reconciliation, thus giving another blow to the President; all go to prove that the Radical party is greatly deceived in the President, who is carrying out the will of an immense majority of the people who did not vote for him at the polls last November, and that there is a serious division in the Radical ranks. The Radical idea that a Radical President, or Radical politicians have not a vested right to advise, direct and enforce its direction by the military arm of the Government in any or all of the Southern States, whenever it seemeth best for them so to do, has never left the bigoted brain of some of these fanatics. A few of the more intelligent and just of the Radicals have begun to believe that there are some kind of Governments like States south of Mason & Dixon's line; but when a Republican gives expression to such an idea he is tabooed at once. As the matter stands the Radical party contains two distinct factions that are the Presidential race of 1880 will stand "Like cliffs that have been rent asunder," and the whole country will fall an easy prey to a united and determined Democratic opposition. Under the circumstances the Democrat who encourages dissensions in the ranks of his party, under any circumstances, is the best ally the Radical party can have. Let us close up our ranks and from now henceforward present a united front.

Letter from the Grand Worthy Master of Alabama.

The following letter of Colonel Chambers is commended to the consideration of Patrons of Alabama, and we hope it may be useful:

MONTGOMERY, ALA., May 9, 1877.

Col. C. J. MASTIN, Huntsville, Ala.

Dear Sir:—In consultation with a number of gentlemen who are interested in the cause of agricultural improvement in our State, the following thoughts have been suggested, and I take the liberty of writing to ask your views and your cooperation in carrying them into effect:

1. A series of meetings or conventions of farmers in different sections of the State as follows: At Huntsville, Tusculum, Jacksonville, Birmingham, Opelika, Union Springs, Montgomery, Wetumpka, Selma, Greensboro, New Orleans and Tallahassee, to be held at such times during the coming summer as may be agreed upon.
2. A programme of the order of business at these conventions to be arranged in an address, and to embrace the discussion of a number of questions affecting the agricultural interests in the State, each topic being previously assigned to some one selected for that purpose, who presents his views, either in an address, or an essay, as he may prefer. The subject will be opened for general discussion.
3. Planting for profit, embracing the cost of our staple crop, and the better mode of cultivation.
4. The rotation of crops, including the problem of free labor and the best mode of supplying it.
5. Immigration.
6. The renovation of exhausted soil, including rest, rotation, composting, turning under green crops, etc.
7. Agricultural machinery, including plows, running gear, presses, mowers, drills, cultivators, etc.
8. The grapes, native and cultivated, embracing the subjects of grafting and hybridizing.
9. Sheep husbandry.
10. Commercial fertilizers.
11. The drainage, in its relation to agricultural improvement.
12. Co-operation among farmers.
13. Agricultural education.
14. Stock raising in Alabama, and the best breeds for our climate.
15. The various subjects suited to our State, and their culture.

It would not, probably, be practicable in a session of two days, to cover all these topics, but such as were of most interest in each locality, might be selected from the list, and others not covered might be introduced. Yours very truly,

W. H. CHAMBERS.

Letter from the Grand Worthy Master of Alabama.

The following letter of Colonel Chambers is commended to the consideration of Patrons of Alabama, and we hope it may be useful:

MONTGOMERY, ALA., May 9, 1877.

Col. C. J. MASTIN, Huntsville, Ala.

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Words vs. Acts. Here are some words of Mr. Hayes that ought to be printed in letters of gold: "No assassin for political purposes on officers or subordinates should be allowed." And again: "No officer should be required to take part in the maintenance of political organizations, exercises and conventions or election campaigns." But Mr. Hayes is a very inconsistent man. He pays for political services rendered him by his appointees in our favor. He has paid for the electoral vote stealer all have had effect. He tendered a fine position to Chamberlain, and has given a consulship to the fellow who cheated the Democrats out of several thousand votes in our parish in Louisiana. The Collector at New Orleans was appointed at the direction of Anderson, Wells & Co. Kasson and the other who looked to Tallahassee, Columbia and New Orleans to "fix things" for Hayes are all in comfortable berths. Vice civil Reform!—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

"Dear me," said Mrs. Partington, when she had finished reading the late foreign news, "dear me, they have gone to war again over the sea, and only for a Turkey, and don't say how much it weighed either, or whether it was tender; old Knickerbocker has gone into a tiff with the Pasha; Knickerbocker has untied the Knickerbocker and let her loose to devour the people, and the Lord only knows when the end of it will be off. War is a terrible thing, so destroying to the temper and good feelings of men shot at each other just as if they were gutter-per-calls, and cheap at that."

The Bushi Banzos crossing the Tanabe and cutting off the calves of the legs of captured Roumanian militiamen, is one of the late news items from the seat of war.

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## BEAUREGARD.

HIS SYMPATHIES WITH THE TURKS, AND WHAT HE WOULD DO IF HE WAS IN COMMAND.

Louisville Commercial, May 10.

The following letter will be of interest to those who are studying the Russian-Turkish war. It is addressed by General Beauregard to Colonel Blanton Duncan:

In 1866 the Sovereign Prince of Roumania tendered to General Beauregard, then in Paris, the command of his armies. He offered the rank of Field Marshal, with a salary of \$100,000 a year. Gen. Beauregard was in no way inclined to select his own staff and certain other officers, and the army was to be kept at 100,000 men. Colonel Duncan would probably have been his chief of staff.

General Beauregard, believing that it was his duty to remain and share the fate of those whose fortune he had shared for four years of war, and that he might be of service to his own friends and fellow Confederates, declined the proposal. In view of the position which, but for his declination, Gen. Beauregard might now occupy as one of the conspicuous figures of the great world's drama, his letter will be of peculiar interest. As he writes to Turkey, for children and to the world, and as monarchical armies are often welded according to the will of a popular commanding General, it is a great loss to the Turks that Gen. Beauregard did not go to Roumania, as the action of that country might have been shaped for Turkey instead of for Russia.

GEN. BEAUREGARD'S LETTER.

NEW ORLEANS, May 10, 1877.

My Dear Colonel:—I would indeed have been in the midst of it. But I must say that my sympathies, if any, are with the Turks, for children and to the world, and as monarchical armies are often welded according to the will of a popular commanding General, it is a great loss to the Turks that Gen. Beauregard did not go to Roumania, as the action of that country might have been shaped for Turkey instead of for Russia.

"As to the pretext for the war on the part of Russia (the protection of the Christians in Turkey), it is really one of the complaints of the Turkish army, and the same spring with the lamb."

"As you remark, Turkey offers magnificent lines of defense—the Danube and the Balkan Mountains. With two or three hundred thousand Confederates, I would guarantee to hold them against any number of Russians. If I were in command there, I would fortify those lines well, and with my ironclad gunboats I would prevent the construction of any bridge across the Danube. I would send Gen. Forrest with 25,000 or 30,000 cavalry to destroy all the depots of supplies, railroads and bridges from the Danube to middle Russia, thence to move on to the Black Sea, where I would transport for shipment to some other favorite point, say in rear of the Russian forces operating in Asia, south of the Black Sea. Forrest would be provided with camels to transport his light field artillery, and his ironclad gunboats. He would have also a full supply of carrier pigeons to keep in posted as to his movements. My fleet on the Black Sea would keep it free of the enemy's ships. I would destroy the supplies of the Russian army, and I would cut off their communications with the Black Sea. In other words, I would bring starvation to my assistance. How long do you think Russia could stand such a defensive war? Moreover, I am confident that the other powers of Europe would not allow the Danube to be used as a highway for the Russian army to the Balkan mountains. If even she gets there, I am sure she will not stay."

"But I am a man of peace, now that Louisiana is free. I remain your friend, G. T. BEAUREGARD."

Wonderful Surgical Operation.

A MAN'S TONGUE CUT OUT.

The following from the Pittsburg (Mass.) Sun will be read with great interest not only by medical men, but by readers generally.

On Thursday last, Dr. Wade, the distinguished Albany surgeon, operated in that city upon Edwin B. Whitely for cancer, removing his entire tongue. Mr. Whitely is a distant cousin of the famous Benjamin Franklin, and has been a member of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society. In the war he served upon Gen. Briggs' staff. Dr. Paddock, of Pittsburg, and twenty other surgeons witnessed the operation. The cancer is said to have been cured by smoking, and the operation was the first of its kind of saving his life. A few lines have been received on a postal card from Mr. W. by his many friends in town, announcing that he is getting along finely, while the doctor's Atlantic Express brought a reliable prospect of his recovery. This paper contains the following account of the operation: "This operation always involves great risk of life from hemorrhage. To lessen the danger both ligamentary arteries were ligated, which was a deep incision in the neck, through the persistent blood vessel, and nerve, require a thorough anatomical knowledge and a steady, skillful hand. The operation was performed for the first time in this country, and the patient was in a most comatose state. The lower lip was then divided to a point below the chin and the flaps turned back sufficiently to expose the lower jaw, which was sawed through at the chin, and flaps cast about their severed edges, that the tongue, through which a ligature had been previously passed, might be drawn forward and attached to the mouth as far as practicable, to all the ends of the tongue to be applied. After the galvanic cautery had been properly adjusted and connected with the battery, the tongue was amputated entire without the loss of a drop of blood from the wound. Smirking throughout, the patient was in a most comatose state. The other flaps were drawn in a similar manner. The patient, being under the influence of ether, suffered no pain, thus ending a bold, daring operation, splendidly performed."

Exports and Imports.—The most interesting feature of the foreign trade statement is the steady increase of all our exports and the steady decrease in all the imports as compared with ten months of 1876. There are some sizeable exceptions, however. The provision and grain trade is nearly the same as last year. We have sent abroad 9,000 bushels of wheat and 2,000,000 barrels of flour less than the year before, but have made up for it by an increase of 8,000,000 bushels of corn, 10,000,000 of cotton, and 4,000,000 of wool. The exports of cotton have fallen off more than 20,000,000 pounds, but leaf tobacco has increased 9,000,000, or 50 per cent., and petroleum 20,000,000 gallons, almost 100 per cent. The balance for our favor is \$10,000,000, against \$10,000,000 for the same period of the year before. Next year we may expect a large increase in cotton and wheat. This decrease of \$20,000,000 of imports shows itself at the Treasury, by a falling off of \$10,000,000 in receipts of duties.—*Philadelphia Times.*

## WAR NEWS.

CAIRO, June 3.—The King of Abyssinia accepted the conditions proposed by Gordon Pasha, and peace has been concluded between Egypt and Abyssinia.

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 3.—It is officially announced that the reported capture of Ardahan is erroneous.

LONDON, June 3.—With the exception of an official Turkish report of a slight advantage or may be entirely untrue, the news from the seat of war this morning contains no account of military movements. The vague rumors of an Anglo-Austrian alliance seem to be partially confirmed by the news from Berlin.

Many rumors have been in circulation of late relative to the part which England is likely to take in the present Eastern complications, and a feeling is gaining ground that an Anglo-Austrian alliance against Russia, and the co-operation, under certain conditions, of France, is one of the possibilities of the near future.

A leading article in the London Times says that the war news has reached us within the last few days. There are vague rumors of improbable events. There are rumors, such as continually arise during a war, of a disposition to negotiate, but the campaign in its pain features is not marked by any new incident. The elements fight against the Russians. A persistent deluge of rain presents greater obstacles to their advance than the Turkish armies. Rarely did any of our news from the East. The Turks are very deficient in good commanders.

LONDON, June 4.—On the Danube the Russians have at last occupied the chief positions, and their lines extend from Galatz to Kalafrat, but the formidable and they way. Until the Drinidzha stream returns to its normal summer level it will be perilous, if not absolutely impossible, to take the army across. It is now hardly possible that the Russians will execute the large-scale operations for the next three weeks. They may come to close quarters with the Turkish armies about the beginning of July, so that the campaign will probably be prosecuted under the greatest heat of summer.

The character and duration of the struggle in Bulgaria are the subject of much speculation, particularly in Germany and Austria, where every officer seems to have under his own particular study of the campaign. The general tenor of criticism is adverse to the Turks, not from any doubt that they will make a good fight, and even inflict serious reverses on their enemy, but from the prepossessions that the superiority in numbers and efficiency of the Russian and strategical ability are on the side of the Russians.

There are 240,000 Russians in position on the Danube, without counting the reinforcements or the reserve that are being brought forward, who amount to 100,000 men. There are 200,000 men east of the Danube, and 20,000 with considerable reserves at Belgrade, which is the point of support for this part of the line.

LONDON, June 5.—The only thing striking in Russia's reply to England's question as to her intentions seems to be that Russia will not touch Egypt or the Suez Canal. It was firmly intimated to the Press and Kladiv that England was firmly determined not to permit the Suez Canal to be made the scene of any military operations.

CRISTINA, June 5.—A battle today near Moleat lasting several hours, in which the Turks were defeated and lost 100 men. The Montenegrin losses are not ascertained.

The seventeen-year locusts have made their appearance on Staten Island, N. Y., and at Danville, Va. The forests and date throughout Staten Island are almost covered with them. The highlands near Staten Island are covered with locusts, which are coming out of the ground.

The New York Herald of the 2d inst. says: "New Jersey awoke yesterday morning with a startling din in its ears, and found itself invaded by millions of locusts, which were eating up the crops. It is the genuine red locust, and the creature no longer emerges from the ground but he climbs the nearest tree, sticks his claws into the bark, and begins to eat. He is a voracious creature, and appears with a new set of brand new wings and a head a little wider than his original one. How much have these locusts will remain to be seen. The present they seem to be mainly musical."

A BRILLIANT "FIT FOR TAT."—Some time since a distinguished citizen of North Carolina was in New York, and in conversation with a somewhat pompous bank officer, the latter asked him if North Carolina would pay her State debt.

"Yes," was the reply, "she is able to pay it, and she is going to do it."

"What," said the bank officer, "will she pay for whole debt, old and new, at par?"

"I replied the North Carolinian, 'I have asked the bank officer, and he has said to me, 'You must pay it, and you are going to do it.'"

"And he has been free of my negroes?" was the response of the banker.

"We have got your money for our bonds."

"Some people think this is about the way in which our State debt will be paid."

"RANDELS'S RIZ."—He is a vegetable dealer in Danbury. A bank personage, upon the exhibit of a check asked, "How much was that a bunch?"

"Twenty cents," repeated the citizen, in astonishment. "Twenty cents for a little bunch like that. Why, they ain't worth ten cents!"

It was the vendor's turn to be surprised.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded, with a scowl. "Offering ten cents for a bunch of radishes! Guess you ain't heard of the war in Europe, hey yeh?"—*Danbury News.*

FOUR GOD REASONS.—I have tried both ways; I speak from experience; I am in good spirits because I take no spirits; I am in bad spirits because I use no spirits; I take no spirits because I am in good spirits; I use no spirits because I am in bad spirits. Thus, in the first instance, I have found my own self. I became a total abstinent. I have these four reasons for continuing to be one: First, my health is stronger; second, my mind is clearer; third, my heart is lighter; fourth, my purse is heavier.—*Thomas Gulick, D. D.*

In proportion to the population, according to the last national census, the State of Nebraska has the greatest number of periodicals, and Alabama the least, the former having one to every 1,078 inhabitants, and the latter one to every 12,000 inhabitants. Journalism is more widely paid and sustained in Alabama than in any other State. Yet the papers of this State have been true to the cause of good government than in any other Commonwealth North or South.

## For the Ladies.

The following, clipped from the fashion article of the New York Herald, will be read with interest by the ladies:

The desire of woman to render herself attractive is as natural and proper as it is universal; but many are ignorant that the real art of dressing well, and in a manner suited to figure, carriage, complexion and position, has only a few rules, simple and within the reach of all, even the humblest. The first and most important necessity is adaptation to peculiarities of form, whereby the simplest toilet is rendered stylish and graceful, and without which the most elegant and elaborate will be deprived of its effect. The cut and arrangement of the waist, sleeves, and even the collar, have much to do with the general effect of height, as well as of grace.

A short waist, for instance, will be apparently lengthened by such style of trimming as introducing vertical lines, and the many seams and "long" effect of the "princess" and other polonaise are especially desirable for short and stout persons.

PRINCESS FORM OF DRESS. Followers of fashion have observed that as soon as a style has been established and become familiar, variations begin, and are carried on until it loses its originality entirely. This, probably, will be the history of the polonaise and princess dress. In the former garment, draperies are either excessive or they are conspicuously scant. A pretty design shows deep plaits across the front and carried to the back, with long side forms at the waist, which gives the coat-like appearance so popular in French garments. The princess model increases in popularity as the season progresses, and materials of every kind are seen thus represented. Draperies are made a special feature, as they afford many opportunities for combining a number of fabrics. There are several different ways of arranging princess dresses for the street; one is with a long sash, another with a skirt and princess polonaise, a third with a trimmed skirt and fichu, or simple drapery of lace for the shoulders.

DRESS MATERIALS. Handsome black grenadines are always made with polonaise or trimmed skirts; if with the former, they are usually composed of two fabrics, plain and damasked; the latter of one material of a pretty armor pattern with bands of open embroidery arranged with lace in the trimming. "Dunting" which was introduced early in the season, has found great favor for seaside or traveling costumes. It is light yet serviceable, yielding yet resisting. "Albatross" cloth comes not only in solid shades of brown, dark gray, &c., but in fine checks, navy blue or brown, and in black and white.

Suitings of wool and mohair are found in basket figures always of solid color, and when trimmed with the new and pretty ruching of wool, knotted with silk matching the material, are exceedingly dry. "Caloway" cloth is one of the Knickerbocker grades of material, and consists of a number of wool threads tied in squares with silk. This is the same fabric introduced as *de l'Islande*, and has proved popular for costumes of light weight. Gazelle barge is a light suiting found in brown, dark green, black and lilac, and combines with silk most beautifully. A soft white fabric has the appearance of flannel and is very pretty, made in polonaise and trimmed with tulle. Exquisite productions in this material are seen, the trimmings being unique and stylish in the extreme. Dentelle is the name of a new all wool material, and is introduced in all the new shades of gray, drab and lilac. The peculiarities in these goods are the alterations of solid and lace work squares and diamonds. It is very durable and combines most effectively with silk.

Persian damasce and Rayon d'Al are new suitings, intended for full dress costumes. The first is quite foreign in appearance, showing raised figures in the fashionable bright colors, on a pale, delicate silk ground. It is twenty-four inches wide and \$5.50 per yard.

American silks, plain and striped, are in extensive demand, and the "Grand Opera" make of black cashmere is supplying numberless Breton suits. The latter is considered one of the best brands in cashmere, being of such even thread, and combines and drapes very handsomely.

The population of Russia is about 75,000,000, not counting some of its recent and hardly completed conquests in the interior of Asia. The population of Turkey in Europe proper is nearly 10,000,000; that of the dependent States, Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro, 5,200,000; that of rebellion in Asia 16,000,000; and that of the dependent States in Africa, Egypt, Barbary, etc., 7,500,000, making a grand total of about 100,000,000.

The forest fires raging in Michigan are destroying lumber settlements, villages and towns. The high winds that often prevail in the Northwest render these fires very destructive.

An Indiana man offered the President a nice fat steer for a good office. The President's failure to respond threw him into a ecstacy.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that he will continue the GROCERY BUSINESS

In the same place recently occupied by H. Fitz, in the south room of the Brick Store east side of the public square.

He will keep a full stock of every description of Family Groceries of superior quality, which will be sold low for CASH, or exchanged for COUNTRY PRODUCE.

By fair dealing and strict attention to business, he will endeavor to merit, and hopes to receive a continuance of the liberal patronage heretofore extended this House.

All persons indebted for Groceries heretofore purchased, will please call upon me forthwith and settle up, as it is necessary to close up the old business, and all persons having claims against H. Fitz will present them for settlement.

B. F. CARPENTER.  
Jacksonville, March 24, 1877—2m.

JUST RECEIVED.  
A Fine Lot of Superior Louisville Cooking Stoves!

For from ten to twenty dollars.  
Tioware in large quantities Cheap.

W. W. NESBITT.  
Take Particular Notice.  
It takes Cash to buy Tin, Sheet Iron and other materials used in my business. Therefore cash and nothing but cash will purchase my work.

Jan. 6, 1877.  
Jacksonville Hotel.  
West Side Square,  
Jacksonville, Ala.

Is now prepared, to take care of Commercial Travelers, and other Gentlemen and Ladies. Comfortable rooms, polite and attentive servants and as good fare as our country affords.

A large room specially for Exhibiting samples of merchandise.  
Board per day, \$2 00  
" " " " " 7 00  
" " " " " 5 00  
We have also a LIVERY and FEED STABLE—Hacks, Wagons, Buggies, and Horses, always on hand. Call and see me.  
J. D. HAMMOND, Prop.  
April 29, 1876.

Wily House.  
South East Corner Public Square  
(OLD FORNEY CORNER)  
JACKSONVILLE ALA.

HAVING made additional improvements for the comfort of guests we respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed upon us for the past two years. It is our pride and intention to make it one of the best HOTELS to be found in any Village, and to make every one comfortable and their stay pleasant while with us. Every convenience given to commercial men for showing samples.

Board per day, \$2 00  
" " " " " 7 00  
" " " " " 5 00  
Responsible reduction on board by the day, for regular customers, and country people.  
JOHN M. WILLY.

## Family Groceries.

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AGRICULTURE

**UNEVENNESS IN WOOL.**—Many farmers have been annoyed, when selling their wool, to find that the acute and practiced eye of the wool buyer has detected the fact that the sheep has been allowed to run down in condition at some time during the growth of the fleece. They are half inclined to think that the buyer is merely trying to depreciate the price. The fact is, however, that there is nothing which renders wool so useless for certain kinds of manufacture, as unevenness or break in continuity of the thickness of fibre; and there is no defect more common, and nothing that year by year touches the sheep grower more severely on that tender part of his anatomy—the pocket. However good the wool in all other respects, the keen eye of the buyer singles out the defective wool, and down goes the price of it. And it is not mere fancy that regulates the prices, for the uneven wool will break at the weak places during the first process of manufacture. Some persons suppose that this unevenness of fleece is hereditary in certain animals, and perhaps unevenness might be made hereditary by generations of ill-usage and neglect. But as the wool of an entire flock is found to be uneven one year, and not so in another, it shows that management has more to do with it than descent. It is sheep are allowed to get into a low condition, are neglected, underfed, or not sheltered properly, the pores will contract, and the wool that issues will be of very fine fibre. As soon as the animal recovers its vigorous condition the pores again open, and a longer and stronger fibre grows. The wool is thus weaker in one place than in another, and the weak places break at the weak places on the slightest strain. Nothing induces unevenness more easily and surely than want of water. It is a common notion that sheep can do without water, and very little. If supplied with roots daily they will not want much water; but it is well and humane, too, that water should be always within their reach. Not only is it important that the fibres should be even, but the fleeces throughout should be even as regards length, softness, density and firmness.

**FOOT-ROT.**—A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune thus overthrows, with a single blow, the notion that the disease known as "foot-rot" in sheep. He writes: "No sheep can catch the foot-rot from another sheep. I will tell you how I know. Upon a time, two years ago, with upward of 1,000 sheep, I had perhaps one hundred cases of foot-rot. Year after year, my boys had become disgusted with doctoring it; and I stopped into the business myself. I made a small yard, and caught ten or more lame ones, also one found one, which I marked with Venetian red, and applied the virus to the most delicate parts of the feet every day, and the lameness ceased, and is sound yet. If he is alive, and all the rest of the flock." We fear this is but another case of coming to a definite conclusion upon the result of but one or two experiments.

**ARTICHOKE FOR FOOD.**—The value of artichokes as food for stock compares very favorably with other roots, according to tests made in both this country and Europe. In the report of the Department of Agriculture for 1895, the relative value of the roots named is as follows:

Roots.	Fat Formers.	Fat Formers.
Artichokes.	1.00	1.00
Carrots.	0.80	0.80
Swedes.	0.70	0.70
Turnips.	0.60	0.60
Beets.	0.50	0.50
White Turnips.	0.40	0.40
Artichokes.	1.00	1.00

It appears from the table that the carbonaceous or heat producing principle in the artichoke is surpassed only by the potato, and that by only a single point, while the potato and the turnip only, among the roots mentioned, exceed it as a flesh former.

**IMPROVEMENTS.**—Look about the premises for opportunities to make improvements. Improvements may be made done to your liking, all right. But in most instances one can discover in what respect several improvements can be made. Would it not improve your surroundings to grade up with mellow dirt some of the low places about the house and barn and to put out a few more shade trees?

**Narrow Roadways.** The great expense of Macadamizing or Telfordizing puts these systems out of the reach of small communities. Wherever the original expense can be borne, the subsequent cost of maintenance will be so slight, and the result generally will be so satisfactory as to make it always a good investment. The circumstances under which these costly forms of construction may be adopted will be greatly extended if one can overcome the prevalent American prejudice in favor of wide roads. Against wide streets there is as a rule no objection though exceptional narrow and well shaded lanes have a rural charm that will always commend them to persons of taste. A wide street, that is, broad spaces between fences, by no means implies a broad roadway. All we need in the principal thoroughfare of a busy village is such a width as will allow of the easy passing of vehicles in the middle of the road, and the standing of one vehicle at rest at each side. This will be accomplished even in the business street of a village by a width of roadway of thirty feet. Under most other circumstances twenty feet of roadway will be ample. This will allow of the moving of three vehicles side by side and will give a leeway of six feet between two vehicles passing each other.

In the island of Jersey, there are many excellent roads only six feet wide. These are provided with frequent little bays or turn-outs to allow teams to pass each other. Although such extremely narrow roads are not to be recommended, the difference in comfort and economy of time-power between these and the average American dirt road is enormously in favor of the Jersey roads. The wide roads for which the Jersey roads are leading from a busy town of thirty thousand inhabitants into a thickly settled farming region, where business and pleasure travel is very active, and where excursion cars carrying thirty or forty persons are constantly passing, are only twenty-four feet wide; often only of this width between the hedge-rows, the road itself being an excellent foot-path for its whole width. Nowhere else in the world is the rural charm more perfectly developed than in Jersey, and no element of its great beauty is so conspicuous and so constantly satisfactory as its narrow and embowered lanes and roadways.

DOMESTIC

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**—Before commencing to sweep a room, take out all the chairs and light pieces of furniture, and cover up those which cannot be removed. Draw back the curtains and pin them up as high as you can reach, opening the windows from six to eight inches, both top and bottom, and then close the doors. Hang the brooms, kept for the purpose, over the pictures and mirrors. Now the room is prepared for sweeping, and damp tea leaves should be sprinkled all over the carpet, especially in the corners. Sweep all carpets the way of the pile, i. e., according as the pile cannot be had, bits of brown paper, wet with water, can be substituted, but one or the other should be employed to keep down the dust. Sweep all carpets the way of the pile, i. e., according as the pile cannot be had, bits of brown paper, wet with water, can be substituted, but one or the other should be employed to keep down the dust. Sweep all carpets the way of the pile, i. e., according as the pile cannot be had, bits of brown paper, wet with water, can be substituted, but one or the other should be employed to keep down the dust.

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HUMOROUS

**THE GRANDPA.**—The grandpa is an individual aged somewhere between fifty and one hundred years, and is a common occurrence in most well regulated families. Next to a healthy mother-in-law, they have more bigness on hand than any other party in the household. They are the standard authority on all leading topics, and what they don't know about things that happened sixty-five years ago, or that will happen for the next three years to come, is a damage for everybody to be without. Grandpas are not entirely useless; they are handy to hold babies, and feed pigs, and are very smart at mending a broken broom handle or putting up the clothes-line on washing days. I have seen grandpas that churn good, but I consider it a mighty mean trick to set an old man over eighty years to churning butter. I am a grandpa myself, but I won't churn for no such concern, not if I understand myself. I am willing to rock the baby while the women folk are biling soap. I am willing to wash the dishes, and to wash the carpets; they can keep me hunting hens' eggs, or picking green kurrents; and I will even dip kandles or kore apples for my wife. I have examined myself on the subject, and will bet a jackknife that Josh Billings won't churn. Grandpas are poor help at bringing up children; the disease of respect and katekism, but the young ones all seem to understand that grandpa minds them a heap more than they mind grandpa.—*Josh Billings.*

If Grandpa is rich, Heaven is a far better world than this; If Grandpa is poor, his absence we never miss.

**"MIXED YOUR STOPS."**—Old woman who has a grievance. "Well, Miss, of course I oughtn't to grumble, but I do have the rheumatism bad and the place is uncommon cold and damp; but it won't be long for me to be long. Young Lady, Ah, and what a blessing it will be, Biddy, for us all when your time comes."

N. B.—She intended to add, "to know your own mind, and to get out of this place before she could get to that."

**"ARE YOU FAVORABLY IMPRESSED WITH THIS BLUE GLASS THEORY, MR. WAMSTUT?"**—A Burlington man asked his neighbor as they met by chance, at a place where they give away a real chronicle of a grain of corn, and the neighbor replied, "No, no, oh, ain't particular what kind of a glass," was the reply; "Just so you rub a bit of lemon around the edge first, don't make any difference to me what kind of a glass."

**REMOVAL OF TAN FROM THE FACE.**—Any lady can make her own perfume by filling a perfume bottle nearly full of alcohol, and dropping in a few drops of the oil of bergamot, lavender, otto of roses, or any kind to suit. Tan can be removed from the face by dissolving magnesia in soft water, beat it to a thick mass, spread on the face, and let it remain a minute or two. Then wash off with castile soap suds, and rinse with soft water.

**PIE PLATES** that have been used much for baking are apt to impart an unpleasant taste to the pies, which is owing to the lard and butter of the crust soaking into the plate, and becoming rancid. It may be removed by putting them in a brass kettle with ashes and cold water, and boiling them in it an hour.

**FOR CLEANING CARPETS.**—To one gallon of water add two tablespoonfuls of spirits of hartshorn. Wring out clean flannel cloths, dip in mixture, and rub the carpet with the damp cloth. See that the cloth is not too wet, and dry the carpet off with a dry cloth.

The finest quality of indigo has the least specific gravity, and floats upon water. It may also be tested by its not readily leaving a mark on drawing it across piece of paper, and also by the clear blue which it imparts to water when dissolved.

**SCIENTIFIC.** **Explosive Compounds.**—Two more instances of unexpected decomposition, accompanied with



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## THE FIRST MAYFLOWERS.

The blustering, shrieking, scolding March Went bowing down Time's devious way; And April, winsome, bright and arch, Step glancing back at enny May, Stepped on the scene, but quite lost heart In looking at the drift of May.

That March had left, in manner left, In nooks where violets ought to grow. But, oh the sanguine, sturdy maid! What though the spiteful March left traps To sicken her with dire misdeeds? To Plymouth's winds, all unafraid, With footstep fleet she quickly sped, And ere the tears had dried she shed, The pink arbutus, shy and sweet, Awakened by her tripping feet,

And catching sight, mid leaves and snow, Of here and there a pink-tipped toe, Took them for blossoms out ere they, And quick themselves in spring array They dressed, when, lo! they stood alone, And looked at footprints whence had down The tinted toes that had beguiled Them from their sleep ere Spring had smiled.

## A Night of Terror.

BY SAMUEL E. ARNOLD.

Birdie Clifton was a very handsome girl of eighteen years, whose light golden curls, large, expressive eyes, of deep blue, and a complexion of exquisite fairness, added to a form of matchless grace, made her quite a belle in the small town of Riverton.

Her father's only child, petted and caressed by him, all her wants instantly obeyed, what wonder Birdie was as spoiled a girl as could be found in that part of the country.

The coming spring she was to have married a good man, who was in every way worthy of her; but angry words were spoken, which separated those two who loved each other so well. She was too proud to acknowledge herself in the wrong, while he was only waiting for a summons that would bring him to her side once more.

"Clide had no reason to get angry and scold me, just because I walked twice with Frank Vamberg," and she would silence her conscience by believing herself greatly abused.

All this time Frank kept by her side, paying her every particular attention, accompanying her to all places of amusement, her constant companion, to whom she was very gracious in public, but cuttingly cold when in the privacy of her own home.

Rumors were whispered about that Birdie Clifton and Frank Vamberg were to be married soon, and when it reached Clide-Hall, he smiled in very bitterness of spirit.

"Birdie," said her father, one day, when matters had been progressing in this way for a month or more, "Birdie, I do not like that Vamberg. I have tried to find out something of his former whereabouts, but no one seems to know anything concerning him. I have even asked Clide who was his best friend, you know, but he cannot tell me anything of him, except what little is known at his hotel. Clide says—"

"There, papa, don't tell me what Clide says, for I could almost despise a man who would defame an innocent man's character. I really did not think Mr. Hall would stoop to do anything so mean."

"But, my dear, Clide—"

"I do not want to hear of Clide," she again interrupted, almost angrily, "I will not hear Frank wrongfully abused, although I do not care for him in the least," and with a kiss she silenced her father for the time being. "She closed her ears to the slightest whisper that would breathe suspicion on Frank's character, attributing all rumors to Clide's hateful, jealous nature; and the result was that poor abused Frank was pitted the more, while Clide received the coolest kind of a recognition when they would chance to meet."

But all things must have an end; so did Birdie's intimacy with Frank Vamberg, in a way she never forgot as long as she lived.

They had just returned from a ride by the seashore, when Mr. Clifton came hurriedly towards them just as they had reached the gate.

"I am very glad you have come, Birdie," he said, as Frank assisted her to alight. "I have been waiting for you for over an hour."

"What for, papa?" Birdie shook out the folds of her rich cashmere dress, as she asked the question.

"I have just received a telegram from your Aunt Amelia, and I must go to her immediately, as she is very ill. You will not be afraid to stay without me, as I do not think I can be back until to-morrow after-noon, but James and Mollie will be with you."

"Why, Papa, what should I be afraid of? I am sure no one will steal me!" "I don't know about that," with a lowering glance at Frank, who stood leaning against the gate. "I am a little uneasy, as I had to place some money I reserved to-day in the safe in the sitting-room. It came too late to deposit in the bank. You will be sure to tell James to be careful in locking the doors, and windows, and then—But I declare I have only a few moments left to declare the train—Good-bye, Birdie, take good care of yourself," and with a hurried kiss, and a distant bow to Frank, he was driven rapidly off.

"How worried dear Papa looks—Come in Frank, I forgot to ask you, before, as I was receiving orders from you, know."

"I cannot this evening, but I want you to take me a promise. Is it granted?" "That depends. I never rush blind-

ly into danger. Suppose you tell me what you wish me to grant?"

"Will you take a sail on the lake to-morrow evening?"

"If auntie is better I certainly will, for I love to go boat-riding. Don't you think it is getting chilly? I think you had better come in-doors."

"Autumn winds, you know, bring a chilly breeze. I cannot accept your kind invitation, as I have an engagement, for which I am very sorry, as I should like very much to spend an evening in your charming society.—But I will see you tomorrow, so an revoir."

And with a polite bow, he sprang into an elegant box-buggy, and was out of sight in a few moments.

"O, dear," she soliloquized, as she slowly wended her way toward the house, "I wish that was Clide, instead of Frank. Not because I care for Clide, but I used to have to coax him whenever I wanted him to do anything for me; he did not wish to do, and I cannot Frank, somehow; although Frank would not censure me, as Clide has done. Frank is real nice, in spite of what every one tries to say against him."

And with that consolation she entered the parlor and amused herself at the piano until ten o'clock, when she thought she would retire.

How long she had slept she had no idea of, but she awoke with a start, and sat bolt upright in bed, as wide-awake as though it were broad daylight.

The night wind whistled drearily through the open window, while the ticking of the little gilt clock on the marble mantle seemed to buzz in her ears urging her in an unaccountable manner, to arise.

She lay perfectly still for a few moments trying to sleep again, but sleep had fled, and with a low laugh at her own foolish imagination, she threw on a wrapper and opened the door of her room but hesitated after reaching the hall, for the night was already far advanced, the clock having struck three.

Still that irresistible longing to go possessed her, a feeling it was impossible to define, and gliding down-stairs with noiseless steps, she paused on reaching the sitting-room door to assure herself.

The door was half open, as she remembered having left it on retiring, the light burned low, the windows were shut, all seemed quiet and undisturbed, but a feeling of dread crept over her as she entered the room, for the thought of the money her father had placed there suddenly flashed across her memory.

She would call James. But no—He might say she was hysterical or superstitious; and above all else she detested a nervous woman. How foolish of her to have come down-stairs. She would go right back to her room again immediately.

Arriving at that conclusion, she turned to leave the room, but in so doing her eyes chanced to rest on the little safe in the opposite corner of room. Her heart almost ceased to beat for there on its knees she saw the figure of a man.

His face was bent over the instrument he was using to pry open the lock, and by his side on the floor lay a revolver.

She watched him open the safe, and draw from it the box containing the money. Too stunned to cry for help, she shivered as if struck with the ague, while great drops of perspiration rolled down her flushed face. O, the agony she suffered, standing there unable to move hand or foot, fairly suspended with fright. She felt her senses leaving her as the man turned his head to reach for some instrument he needed.

Had a thunderbolt struck the house, or a bombshell exploded at her feet, she could not have flown any faster across the room then at that moment; for, in turning his head, she had recognized the burglar.

With one bound she reached his side, and pale as death, her hand grasping his shoulder, she stood over him. From his face, too, all color suddenly fled, it was Frank Vamberg. His face was white with detected guilt; his hands pale with terror and grief, not understanding or believing her own senses.

Then she spoke, her voice clear and firm, exclaiming, "You are adding energy to her falling strength."

"What are you doing here at this time of the night, Frank Vamberg?" "Detected!" was all the answer his white lips could frame.

Birdie felt her strength deserting her, but rallying again with an effort, she said hurriedly, "Set down that box of money, and leave this house instantly, as you value your life."

With a quick movement she reached down and grasped the revolver, pointing it toward him.

He heard the click of the trigger as she drew it back, and fearing she was about to fire, he struck the weapon to one side, causing it to go off, the ball lodging in her arm.

"You have killed me," she gasped, "James—Mollie, she called faintly then a giddiness came over her; a sudden dimness hid the surrounding objects from view; a feeling of deadly sickness caused her to reel backwards, and with a shriek fell heavily to the floor.

Weeks of sickness followed, and in her delirium she rehearsed over and over again her encounter with Frank Vamberg, and of the fear that possessed her while standing so bravely before him.

Assiduous search failed to find the slightest trace of Frank, as he had escaped almost before the insensible form of Birdie was discovered, and it was at last given up, the sharpest detectives failing to find any clue to his whereabouts.

Many days passed before the recollection of that night faded from Birdie's memory—many days before she could bear to be left alone in the evening without a chill creeping over her. But still she is happy now, for Clide is by her side to protect her, and he laughingly asserts it was that night of terror that gained for him his precious little wife.

## Captain Burnaby at the Seat of War.

Captain Burnaby arrived in London on April 17th, after a most interesting tour in Asia Minor. An account of his travels from Scutari to Angora and Erzerum and then by the Tigris to Persia, where he inspected the fortifications is just published. He then proceeded to Bagdad, a Turkish fortress on the right of their strategic line of defense. This stronghold is distant about three hours' march from Persia and twelve hours' from Erivan. At this place he found it was simply impossible to get over the mountains to Van, owing to the heavy snows, and he, therefore, determined to return to Persia, and visit Hoy, where he stayed some days. Here he ascertained that the Persians were busily engaged in preparing a camp for ten thousand men, and they openly declared their intention to join Russia in the event of a war between that Power and Turkey. From Hoy he rode through the Kolo Pass to Van, the capital of Armenia. From Van he had an exceedingly rough march over mountains covered with snow to Kars. He remained in this city, so celebrated for its stubborn defense against the Russians in the last war, several days, and visited all the forts. The Turks were actively employed in preparing for the enemy, who they believed would soon appear before it. After leaving Kars he continued his march to Ardahan, another Turkish frontier fort half way between Kars and Batoum. His next point was Lirvana, and having disposed of his horses he went down the Tchookoor River to Batoum. In this town the inhabitants believed the Russians would soon assail them from Poil; but they shared the feeling which was general throughout the districts he had already visited, and there was great enthusiasm for war. Trebizond was the next important place he arrived at, and here the intrepid traveler was fortunate enough to catch a French vessel which went straight to Constantinople. During the greater part of his tour he had to traverse difficult country, in which very frequently there was no road at all, or merely a pretense to one, in thick layers of mud. He says that there is nothing to prevent the general commanding the Czar's forces from taking Batoum on the land side, and thus securing an additional port in the Black Sea. Having possession of Erzerum and Van, it would be easy for Russia to advance to Trebizond, and a good road exists between Erzerum and Trebizond—it is indeed, the only road in Anatolia.

## Our Palace Car.

The most wonderful palace car that was ever built is this orb on which we live. Large enough to hold the human family, its resources are, with proper care and effort on the part of the passengers, sufficient to sustain them all comfortably, with a great deal to spare. It supplies its own fuel and makes its own time. Its speed is about 63,000 miles per hour, yet so accurately does it move that those who have well studied its movements can tell a fraction in what part of its air-line track it will be on any future day. With good field-glasses, other palace cars, equal in beauty and grandeur to this, can easily be seen flying along the highways of space, yet none of these are ever known to come in collision. Unconsciously, to the passengers, gravitation tends greatly to keep the passengers in their places; but who or what controls gravitation? This magnificent palace car has the heavens for its roof, Vesuvius and Etna for its chimneys, seas and oceans for its water-tanks, natural scenery sufficient to charm the eye and feast the soul with combinations of beauty and sublimity. The only depot or stopping-place is at the gates of Death, where all must leave, whether pleased with the journey or not. Thus we are swiftly borne on from birth to death on this wonderful line of travel, and at the terminus commissioned authorities of a higher order are expected to receive and conduct us all to a higher destiny and a better life than this.

## The Oldest Pieces of Iron.

The oldest pieces of iron (wrought iron) now known are probably the sickle blade found by Belzoni under the base of sphinx in Karnac, near Thebes; the blade found by Colonel Vyse, imbedded in the masonry of the Great Pyramid; the portion of the cross-cut saw exhumed at Nimroud by Mr. Layard—all of which are now in the British Museum. A wrought bar of Damascus steel was presented by King Porus to Alexander the Great; and the razor steel of China for many centuries has surpassed all European steel in temper and durability of edge. The Hindoos appear to have made wrought iron directly from the ore, without passing through the furnace, from time immemorial; and elaborately wrought masses of iron are still found in India which date back from the earliest centuries of the Christian era.

—From December 11, 1863, to March 31 last, the names of over 200,000 persons were placed on the register of habitual criminals in England and Wales.

## Edmund Keen.—His First Appearance on the London Stage.

A dispute arose as to the opening part. Arnold wanted Richard, but Keen knew the disadvantages his small figure would be at, when compared with the majestic Kemble, and answered, "Shylock or nothing." There was marvellous resolution in this determination, considering all he had passed through, which was sufficient to crush the strongest spirit. But it succeeded, and the 26th of January, 1814, was decided for his appearance. One rehearsal only was vouchsafed him, and that was hurried and careless. The actors sneered at his figure, at his shabby coat with the capes, at his business, declared it would not do and prophesied certain failure. He went home. "I must dine to-day," he said; and for the first time in many days indulged in the luxury of meat. Then all he had to do was to wait as patiently as he could for the night. "My God!" he exclaimed; "if I succeed I shall go mad." As the church clocks were striking six he saluted from his lodgings in Cecil street. His parting words to his wife were, "I wish I was going to be shot!" In his hand he carried a small bundle, containing shoes, stockings, wig and other trifles of costume. The night was very cold and foggy; there had been a heavy snow and a thaw had set in; the streets were almost impassable with slush, which penetrated through his worn boots and chilled him to the bone. He darted quickly through the stage door, wishing to escape all notice, and repaired to his dressing room.

There the feelings of the actors were shocked by another innovation; he was actually going to play Shylock in a black wig instead of the traditional red one. They smiled among themselves, shrugged their shoulders, but made no remark; such a man was beyond remembrance—besides, what did it matter? He would never be allowed to appear a second time. Jack Bannister and Oxberry were the only ones who offered him a friendly word. When the curtain rose the house was miserably bad, but by and by the overflow of Covent Garden, which was doing well at that time, began to drop in and make up a tolerable audience. His reception was encouraging. At his first words, "Three thousand ducats—well!" Dr. Drury, who was in front, pronounced him "safe." At "I will be assured, I say," there was a burst of applause, and at the speech ending with "And for these courtesies I'll lend you this much money" the sounds of approbation were very strong.—Even as the curtain fell upon the first act success was almost insured, and already the actors who had treated him so superciliously began to gather round with congratulations. But he shrank from them and wandered alone in the darkness at the back of the stage.

The great triumph was reserved for his scene with Salanio and Salario in the third act, where the flight of Jessica with a Christian is told him. There so terrible was his energy, so magnificent his acting, that a whirlwind of applause shook the house. Then came the trial scene, grander still in its complex emotions and its larger scope for great powers, and all was so novel, so strange, so opposed to old traditions. When the curtain finally fell upon the wild enthusiasm of the audience, the stage-manager, who had snubbed him, uttered his oranges. Arnold, who had bullied and "Young man!" him, brought him negus. Drunk with delight, he rushed home, and with half-frenzied incoherence, he poured out the story of his triumph. "The pit rose at me!" he cried. "Mary, you shall ride in your carriage yet! Charles!" lifting the child from his bed, "shall go to Eton!" Then his voice faltered, and he murmured, "If Howard had but lived to see it." The "Merchant of Venice" was played several nights in succession, and the receipts rose from £100 to £500.

His next part was Richard—the second part is always the touchstone of an actor's success; here he entered the lists with Cook and Kemble, and memories of Garrick's splendid performances had not yet died out among old playgoers. In Shylock his small stature mattered little, but in Richard that disadvantage would be glaringly perceptible; he approached the part with fear and trembling. "I'm so frightened!" he said before the curtain rose, "that my acting will be almost a dumb show to-night."

But nevertheless he took both audience and critics by storm. Cooke, the great Richard of the day, was said to be left behind at an immeasurable distance; no such performance had been seen since the days of Garrick. But the terrible excitement he had undergone laid him up for a week. Actors now boast of playing this arduous part nearly a hundred successive nights; as they play it there is nothing wonderful in the feat, and then they have no inconvenient modesty to exhaust their energies. On the day of the second performance of this character the doors were besieged soon after noon, and at night hundreds were unable to gain admission. He made Cibber's melodramatic hero his own, but it died in him, for the wretched attempts of his successor cannot galvanize that desecration of Shakespeare into life again. The beauties of this performance are said to be so marvellous that a glance, the pronouncing of such common phrases as "Good night, my lords," brought down thunders of applause.

His next character was Hamlet which, although full of fine points, and

the one he said, to which he devoted the deepest study, did not equal his previous successes. Othello and Iago, played alternately, were his next triumphs. When the season closed he had performed Shylock fifteen times, Richard twenty-five, Hamlet eight, Othello ten, Iago eight, and Luke ("Riches," Massinger's "City Madam") altered four. Of these seventy nights the profits were fully seventeen thousand pounds. Previously there had been one hundred and thirty-seven nights of continuous loss. In the second season he played Macbeth, another grand performance, Romeo, which was said to revive the glories of "silver-tongued Barry." But the triumph of the season was Zanga, in Young's "Revenge." As one who stood among the crowd in the pit passage heard a shout and clamor of approbation within he asked if Zanga had just said, "Then lose her!" for that phrase, when uttered by Keen in the country, used to make the walls shake, and he was answered that it was so. Sonthey and a friend went to see him in this play. When Zanga, having consummated his vengeance and uttered the words "Know then, 'twas I!" raised his arms over the fainting Alonso, his attitude, the expression of his features was so terrible, so appalling, that Southey exclaimed, "He looks like Michael Angelo's rebellious archangel." "He looks like the arch fiend himself," said the other.

## How Pebble Jewellery is Made.

The gold used by the jewellers is always alloyed with certain proportions of pure silver and the finest copper, according to the quality desired. The jeweller melts his metals in a crucible and casts them into ingots about two inches broad, three inches long, and one-eighth of an inch thick. The ingots are reduced to any degree of thinness by being passed between steel rollers. The sheets or plates of metal thus produced are intrusted to a workman, who guided by drawings or models, cuts the pieces required for the various articles to be made. The pieces are given, along with the designs, to other workmen, who put them together. These men are seated at large tables round the sides of which are a series of sundials, representing the various articles to be made. The pieces are brought to the exact size required, they are soldered together by means of a blow pipe. Articles of an ornate character, such as brooches and bracelets covered with designs in filigree work or inlaid with pebbles, require great nicety of manipulation, and the number of parts which go to compose some of them is immense. Pebble jewellery is a finely worked geometrical pattern are made in which there are no fewer than 100 pieces of stone. In making an article which is to be inlaid with pebbles, the jeweller forms a back or foundation, to which a plate of metal is attached, and the pebbles are fixed, a convenient















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One-fourth column twelve months, \$2.75  
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One-half column twelve months, \$4.50  
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One column six months, \$4.50  
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**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

**M. J. TURNLEY,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW**  
AND  
**SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,**  
Jacksonville, Alabama.

Will practice in Calhoun, Cherokee, Cleburne, DeKalb, Etowah and Talladega.  
He trusts his long experience and extended practice will enable him to be useful to those who confide their business to him.  
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**Agreeable People.**  
People who are easily pleased, and require little to amuse them, are generally considered thoroughly agreeable by all with whom they come in contact. Agreeable people are they who always feel pleased with the company they are in, and rather to seem well entertained than to give entertainment. A man thus disposed perhaps may not have much learning or any wit, but if he has plenty of sense, and a cheerful and friendly in his behavior, it conciliates men's mind more than the brightest talents without this disposition; and when a man of such a turn comes to old age, he is almost sure to be treated with respect. It is true, indeed that we should not be dissatisfied and flatter in company; but a man may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where he cannot not offend, and a pleasing assent where he can. Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please that he will gain upon everyone that hears or beholds him. This disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world, and a thorough command over passion and prejudice.

**The Difference.**  
Love, with women, is a business; but with men, business is a love. This does not mean that women are mercenary in love, or that men deal in the spirit of love in their ordinary business. It means that love is, to women, yet more than to men, an occupation, absorbing that fills and uses much of life; that, to men, business fills and uses much of their life in the same way. As human life is at present ordered, this apportionment of activities is unavoidable and appropriate.

One beautiful trait in a true woman's character is her invariable readiness to smooth her husband's temper, even if she has to do it with an aching heart.

## WITH THEE.

BY W. W. ELLSWORTH.

I'd rather walk through shower with thee,  
Than with another when the air  
Is soft with summer, and as fair  
The heavens above us as a sea  
Of dim, unfathomable sapphires, where,  
Slow drifting on a liquid sky,  
The white-sailed ships of God float by.

Sweeter in storm to be with thee,  
Dark waters round us, and the roar  
Of breakers on an unshored shore  
Resounding louder on the lee—  
Than with another, sailing o'er  
A rippling lake, where angry gale  
May never rend the silken sail.

—*Scriver's Monthly.*

## Only a Dressmaker.

"Do you really love me, Charley?"  
"Do I really love and breathe? Now Ruth, what's the use of asking such an absurd question as that, when you know perfectly well that I don't belong to myself at all. I'm a slave—a miserable, abject captive in the chain of your sweet eyes and gentle words—and what's more, I haven't the least desire to regain my lost freedom!"

"Nonsense, Charley!"  
But Ruth Murray said "Nonsense" in a tone that clearly meant "The very best of sense;" and Mr. Charles Trevor took advantage of the coquetish syllables accordingly.

They were sitting in the library of the fine old country house, with a bright air blazing. Charles Trevor was tall, and dark and handsome, with wavy black hair, and frank features, while Ruth Murray was very small and very plump, with long, brown eyelashes, and lips red and ripe as strawberries, and hair like golden water stirred into fantastic ripples by summer evening winds. Only that she was exceedingly pretty and coquetish withal, as many pretty girls are apt to be. Isn't that enough?

"Charley," she said, thoughtfully, playing with one of the sparkling buttons of her jacket,—"I do believe that you love me—but I'm afraid that your sentiments will undergo an alteration when you know that—that—"

"I ought to have told you before," faltered Ruth, coloring vividly, and seeming to shrink away from the ruddy side of the fire, "only—"

"Told me what, darling?"  
"That I am only a dressmaker."  
"You a dressmaker! And visiting at Wardley Place?"

"Kate Wardley and I were school companions, Charley—and she is very kind—and she promised to tell nobody, but she has told you."

"Stop a minute, Ruth, said Mr. Trevor. 'I didn't ask the question because the fact made one white difference in our relations towards one another; only I was taken a little by surprise, as it were. A dressmaker, are you? Well, Ruth, I shouldn't care if you were a crossing-sweeper. I love you—and that's enough for me.'"

"But, Charley, I am poor and obscure."  
"What of that? I am not rich, by any means; but I am fully capable of working for both of us; and as for being obscure, why, we'll try and see if we cannot make ourselves a name in the world, Ruth."

"But you are not obscure, Charley. The Trevors stand high in the circles of fashion. I know that, humble little dressmaker though I am."

"What then?"  
"Why, the world will say that you have made a *mesalliance*."

"And what care I for the world's verdict, as long as I am happy in your love? Little Ruth, what sort of a mercenary renegade do you take me for? I love you—and I'm going to marry you!" There was a glitter suspiciously like tears on the long eyelashes, as Ruth felt Charles Trevor's loving glance resting on her face, and the little hand stole softly into his, with an unconscious confiding movement.

"Charley," said Ruth, in a soft stilled voice, "I'll try to be a good wife to you!"  
And then—oh, strange, inscrutable heart of woman!—Ruth Murray cried, just because she was so very happy.

And the next day, the gay country-house coterie broke up, all the guests going their several ways, and owing, one to another, "that they had had a delightful time," and the next chapter in their book of fashionable dissipation commenced—while Ruth Murray went home to a house with a shop, where a plate bore the words, "Miss Mackenzie Dressmaker."

The bright January sunshine was turning the crustled snow to diamonds, and making Miss Mackenzie's shabby carpet look half a dozen degrees shabbier than ever. The clock has just struck eleven, and Ruth Murray, in a blue delaine dress, and a trim linen collar, was tacking together the breadths of a gold-colored glace silk, with her rose mouth full of pins. Miss Mackenzie stood watching her, with a skirt-lining depending from her bony arm.

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"Ruth," said the old maid dubiously, "I don't understand you at all."  
"Don't you fret? Well, that's not at all strange, for half the time I don't understand myself."

"No; but Ruth, this arrangement seems to me so unsatisfactory—so unsuitable—"  
"I never had an apprentice learn

half so quickly. Those white little fingers of yours seem gifted by magic!"  
"Thank you," said Ruth, bowing demurely. "The yellow silk, please. Didn't you tell me that Miss Trevor was coming here at eleven to try on her dress?"

"So she said—and there is the carriage dashing up to the door. It's a fine thing to be rich. Are you sure the dress is ready, Ruth?"

"Quite."  
Perhaps Ruth Murray's cheek was a trifle pinker than usual as Miss Trevor rustled loftily into the room; but otherwise there was no shade of difference in her manner or demeanor.

"I'm afraid I'm a little behind time," began the imperious young lady throwing off her costly ermine cape; "but—Why, Ruth Murray, this surely cannot be you!"

"It is I, Miss Trevor,"  
Miss Trevor stared.  
"Oh, you've come to have a dress fitted—Miss Mackenzie has such success!"

"No," said Ruth, quietly; "I am Miss Mackenzie's assistant."  
"A dressmaker!" almost shrieked Miss Trevor.  
"Yes! a dressmaker,"  
Miss Trevor drew herself up haughtily.

"This is very strange," she said frigidly; "may, it is quite unaccountable. I thought you were a visitor at Wardley Place."

"And did Kate Wardley know—"  
"Who I was? Perfectly."  
Miss Trevor tossed her head.

"Upon—my word! this was really a gratuitous insult to her other guests? Kate Wardley shall know my opinion of her conduct!"

Ruth had grown pale and then red; but the next moment a score of laughing dimples broke out around her mouth.

"It was dreadful to admit a dressmaker into the circle of her aristocratic friends—and it was unheard of audacity in the dressmaker to venture within the charmed limits. Will you allow me to try on your dress, Miss Trevor?"

Miss Trevor stood haughtily silent in the middle of the room, while Ruth mounted on a stool, to bring her nearer to Miss Trevor's height, put in pins here and there, and laid little folds and basted refractory seams.

"She is pretty," thought Ruth, as the sunlight glanced athwart Ruth's golden hair, and showed the exquisitely fine texture of her rose-leaf skin. "No pearl powder there! I wonder if there is any truth in the report that Charles fancied her! The idea of our brother flirting with a dressmaker—for of course it was nothing more than a flirtation!"

And Miss Trevor unconsciously gave herself such a jerk that two pins fell half across the room, and Ruth arched her eyebrows.

"Dear me, Miss Trevor, I shall never get your dress fitted if you don't stand still!"

"Home!" said Miss Trevor, imperatively, to the coachman, as she folded the gay Afghan over her silken skirts.

Mrs. Trevor was dreaming over a bit of embroidery by the fire; and Charles Trevor, standing in the bay window, was glancing up and down the columns of the morning paper, as Miss Maria entered. It was a magnificent drawing-room, with ceilings of fresco and gold, and carpets soft and rich as finest moss, white, plate-glass windows hung with massive satin draperies, let in a softened light; and rich pictures glimmered on the walls. The Trevors were not rich—but the Trevors were very worldly, and knew exactly how to make appearances their tool.

"Mamma, what do you think?" exclaimed Maria, breathless and eager; "that Ruth Murray, whom we met at Wardley Place—the pretty blonde I told you of—"

"What of her?" asked Mrs. Trevor, as Maria stopped for breath, and Charles looked quickly up with a deep flush on his cheek.

"She's nothing but a dressmaker!"  
"Nonsense, Maria! You must be mistaken."

"But I am not mistaken, mamma! I saw her this morning at Miss Mackenzie's, and she tried my dress on with her own hands!"

"Surely, my love, Kate Wardley would never invite a young person in that social position to—"

"But, mamma, the Wardleys are so old, you never know what freaks they may be guilty of. The idea of a common dressmaker's presuming to associate with those so far above her!"

"Stop a moment, Maria," said Charles Trevor, advancing into the room. "I have yet to learn in what respect Miss Murray is at all inferior to any of the guests at Wardley Place. In my estimation, her beauty, grace, and intellect place her far above any young lady there!"

"And I will never, never recognize her as one of the family," exclaimed Maria, actually pale with anger. "Charles, how dare you so degrade us?"

"It is an honor, Maria," returned her brother, calmly. "Ruth is a jewel of the first water—more's the pity that you are blind to its sparkle."

"But, Charles—my son," pleaded the mother, "we have so depended on you making a wealthy alliance."

"Mother, I am sick of this scheming and maneuvering," passionately spoke out the young man. "I depend upon it, I never shall become the plaything of a rich wife. I have too much respect for myself ever to be bought and sold in the matrimonial market. I love Ruth Murray—and I shall marry her!"

And from this position no storm of tears, reproaches, or upbraidings could induce him to swerve one hair's breadth.

"And when will you be my wife, Ruth?"

"Only wait until February, Charles, pleaded the blue-eyed little damsel. "I have but one relation in the world—my uncle—and he is coming home from abroad. I should like him to be present at my marriage."

So Charles Trevor waited much against his will.

Maria Trevor came into the drawing-room one evening, full charged with the fashionable air of the day.

"Mamma, everybody is talking about this Sir William Murray, who has arrived from India. Mr. Lacy says he was commander in chief there, and is immensely rich; moreover that he is a bachelor, and has a niece who is to be his sole heiress. Couldn't we contrive to make their acquaintance? Oh, if Charles wasn't such an infatuated madman about this dressmaking-girl!"

"It's the same name," mused Mrs. Trevor; "surely they cannot be connected."

Maria laughed contemptuously.  
"General Murray connected with a dressmaker? That looks likely, doesn't it? And Mrs. Trevor owned to herself that the idea had been a very visionary one."

The wedding was to be very quiet—Ruth had insisted upon this—and as she walked to the church dressed in a neat gray travelling guise, leaning confidently on the arm of her future husband, a sudden memory flashed across Charles Trevor's brain.

"I thought you expected an uncle, Ruth."

"He will meet us at the church, Charles."

"And you've never even told me his name."

"His name? Oh, it is General Sir William Murray!"

"What! Not the General Sir William Murray?"

"I think there is but one General Sir William Murray," said Ruth, smiling at her astonishment.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Charles, stopping short and staring down into the blue eyes,—"and are you the heiress that half the world is gossiping about?"

"I believe so, Charley."

Charles Trevor never spoke another word until the marriage ceremony required his voice, and hardly knew whether he was awake or dreaming when his little wife introduced him to the tall, white-haired old gentleman who had given her away, as "Uncle William."

"Young man," said the General, "my niece tells me she has married under false pretences—do you regret the transaction?"

"Not a bit of it," said Charles, heartily. "I don't care whether she's dressmaker or heiress, as long as she is my own little Ruth."

## A Greek Funeral.

The Constantinople correspondent of an Edinburgh paper, refers to the death of its washer-woman as follows: "A few hours before the funeral the body was placed in a bath filled with wine, and there washed by the priest and his deacon. The corpse was afterward dressed in the best costumes of the deceased, and laid face uncovered, in the coffin. This being done, the priest recited certain prayers, and sprinkled the coffin with holy water, and this was also done by the relatives and their friends. The corpse was then carried out by bearers, and on reaching the door of the cottage the person the most dear to the relative approached bearing a cupful of white wine and a sponge, and after having them blessed by the priest, proceeded to wash the mouth of the dead woman with the wine as a symbol of washing away her iniquities. This done, the cup was thrown on the ground, trod on, broken in many places, and its fragments hastily covered over with earth or thrown into the sea. The funeral procession was then formed, and started in the following order: First came the deacon, carrying the lid of the coffin, and accompanied by three friends of the deceased—and carrying a tray covered with numerous small glasses, another with a tray of small bits of toasted bread, and the third carrying a large bottle of wine. These were followed by the chorists, the priest, the body, (the face uncovered) and lastly, by the relatives and friends. In this order the company paraded through all the streets of the village, the women and the family, assisted by the professional weeping women, crying and loudly lamenting, and all afterward returned to the house of the deceased. There the corpse was laid for a few minutes on the ground at the entrance, and then taken up and held high in the air by the bearers, the relatives and friends thereupon passing under the coffin as a token of respect for the dead. The funeral thereafter proceeded to the church, where, while the usual ceremonies were being gone through, the wine and toast was handed around, and each person partook of them, saying in a loud voice, 'May the Lord receive her.' The deacon answering each time, 'Amen,' and incensing the speakers. A fresh collection was made for the family, and then the funeral started for the burial ground. There the corpse was deposited of its fiery, the coffin covered up and laid in the earth, amid the fresh lamentations of the women. Sweetmeats were then thrown on the grave, and each assistant was bound to pick one up and eat it, saying, 'Amen.' 'May the Lord receive her.'—The funeral having thus concluded, the family and friends returned to the nearest cafe, where I had the satisfaction of seeing the husband of the delinquent washerwoman consoling himself by getting gloriously drunk on 'rakli,' a kind of white brandy which is largely drunk by the lower orders in this country. Three days after the funeral, plates of boiled barley covered with sugar, called 'colivas,' were sent around to all the acquaintances of the family, and eaten in memory of the deceased. This latter custom in the richer families is renewed three months and nine days after the death."

## Scenes in Cairo.

The traveler who desires to see the Mohammedan at home cannot do better than seek him in Cairo, and he finds in the narrow, picturesque streets of the old parts of the town scenes of interest which he may seek in vain elsewhere. When he emerges into the modern quarters the change is remarkable. Though all the tyranny of the Turks has not sufficed to alter the indelible characteristics of the place, and though the wide squares, the fountains, the gardens, the arcades, and the watered roads, the rows of villas a half-French look, the people who crowd every thoroughfare are as unlike anything European as they can be.

Here, a long string of groaning camels, led by a Bedouin in a white capote, carries loads of green clover or long fagots of sugar cane. Then, half-a-dozen blue-gowned women squat idly in the middle of the roadway. A brown-skinned boy walks bare with no clothing on his long, lean limbs, or a lady smothered in voluminous drapery rides by on a donkey, her face covered with a transparent white veil, and her knees nearly as high as her chin. A bullock cart with small wheels, which creak horribly at every turn, goes past with its cargo of treacle jars, fluted of donkey boys lie in wait for a fare; myriads of half-clothed children play lazily in the gutters, turbaned Arabs smoke long pipes and converse energetically at the corners, and every now and then a pair of running footmen, in white shirts and wide short trousers, shout to clear the way, for a carriage in which, behind half drawn blinds some fine lady of the viceregal harem takes the air. She is accompanied perhaps by a little boy in European dress, and by a governess or nurse whose bonnet and French costume contrasts strangely with the veiled figure opposite.

A still greater contrast is offered by the appearance of the women who stand by as the carriage passes, whose babies are carried astride on the shoulder, or sometimes in the baskets so carefully balanced on the head. The baskets hardly differ from those depicted on the walls of the ancient tombs, and probably the baby, entirely naked, and its

eyes full of black flies, is much like what its ancestors were in the days of the Pharaohs. In the older quarters of the town the scenes are much the same, only that there is not so much room for observing them; for the streets are seldom wider than Paternoster Row, and the traveler who stops to look around him is roughly jostled by Hindbad the porter, with his heavy bale of carpets, or the uncle of Aladdin, with his basket of copper lamps, or the water-carrier, clinking his brazen cups, with an immense skin slung around his stooping shoulders.

## The Japanese.

The sovereign remedy for all ailments is shampooing, and he who inherits the trade is blinded in his childhood for the sake of modesty. Shampooers are in constant demand; at almost every corner one is met feeling his way by the aid of a long staff, and blowing the whistle that designates his occupation. The women have graceful modest bearing; in public never forward. In marriage they shave the eyebrows and stain the teeth as a tribute to the husband's honor.

Among the better classes much care is taken in the education of women, and time, pains and patience are expended upon music. History, romance and important facts are imparted by traditional poetry that is sung to the accompaniment of the samisen, an instrument not unlike the banjo, but with a square body. The vocalization is harsh and disagreeable.

Crime is speedily and severely repressed. The capital punishment are haru-kiri, beheading, and for parricide and the gravest offences, crucifixion. The haru-kiri has been much modified of late; it is preserved for State offenders to whom some consideration is due, but death demanded. Ordinarily the execution takes place in a temple, or at the palace of some feudal lord, who is ordered to superintend the ceremony. A friend or second is selected, who stands by the offender with a drawn sword, the katana; a silver is then offered the principle, in which lies a knife for disemboweling, and as he seizes it the second cleaves off his head at a blow. This is a humane modification of the method requiring the principal to cut into his abdomen before decapitation. This form without interposition of a second, is quite popular as a method of seeking death when overpowered by grief for a lost friend or patron, or to oppose a sea of troubles. Beheading malefactors is done by a State agent, who has distinguished himself in military life. The victim is bound in a kneeling posture, and the executioner, standing behind, delivers a blow that severs the head. This is then exposed on a cross-beam by the roadside. In crucifixion the culprit is bound to a cross with thongs, and after a prescribed time of agonized exposure, life is tapped with spears. The Tokaido, the great thoroughfare of Japan, is thus ornamented with trophies of justice to terrify the ill-disposed and to assure the upright.

Sword making is considered an honorable occupation and a connoisseur of blades can identify the handiwork of a celebrated maker with the certainty some of us recognize the painting of an old master. To fashion clothes, make sandals and household utensils, is ignoble and confined to the Etae, a proscribed class.

Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all time have been witty. When wit is combined with sense and information, when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by strong principles, when it is in the hands of a man who is witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good nature, morality and religion ten thousand times better than wit, wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness—teaching age and care and pain to smile, extirpating reluctant glooms of pain from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and like the combined force of oil and wine, giving a man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit, like this, is surely the flavor of the mind! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his ways by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and perfumes to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marble."

**Our Habits.**  
"Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so our habits formed: no single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue."

He alone is a man who can resist the genius of the age, the tone of the nation, with vigorous simplicity and modest courage.—*Lavater.*

Little by little.  
If you are gaining little by little, every day, be content. Are your expenses less than your income, so that, though it be little, you are accumulating? Are you gaining knowledge every day? Though it be little by little, the aggregate of the accumulation, where no day is permitted to pass without adding something to the stock, will be surprising to yourself.

Solomon did not become the wisest man in the world in a minute. Little by little—never omitting to learn something, even for a single day—always reading, always studying a little between the time of rising up in the morning and lying down at night: this is the way to accumulate a full storehouse of knowledge. Finally, are you daily improving in character? Be not discouraged because it is little by little. The best men fall far short of what they themselves would wish to be. It is something, it is much, if you keep good resolutions better to-day than you did yesterday, better this week than you did last week. Strive to be perfect, but do not become disheartened so long as you are approaching nearer and nearer to the high standard at which you aim.

Little by little fortunes are accumulated: little by little knowledge is gained: little by little character and reputation are achieved.

Death makes a beautiful appeal to charity. When we look upon the dead form, so homely and so frail, the harshness and the love that are in us, come forth.—*Chapin.*

## Ancient Peruvian Dead.

Twenty miles south of Lima, in Peru, are situated the famous ruins of Pachacamac, the once sacred city, the tribes inhabiting the coast-region. It bore the name of the divinity whose seat of worship was located within its bounds, and was the resort of devout pilgrims from all the region in which the sway of the god Pachacamac was acknowledged. The soil round about the temple erected to the honor of this heathen deity seems to have been venerated as the waters of the Ganges are revered by the Hindus, and was sought as a place of burial by the faithful from all parts of the Kingdom.

"Dig almost anywhere," says Mr. Squier, "in the dry, nitrous sand, and you will come upon what are loosely termed mummies, but which are really decayed bodies of the ancient dead. Dig deeper and you will probably find a second stratum of relics of poor humanity; and, deeper still, a third, showing how great was the concourse of people, and how eager the desire to find a resting-place in consecrated ground."

The bodies were generally buried in little vaulted chambers,—we are told by the same authority,—which were roofed with canes and a layer. In each grave room was afforded for several bodies, which were placed in a sitting posture, with the knees brought close to the trunk. They were sometimes enveloped in wrappings of cloth,—the inner folds being of fine cotton, and the outer ones of blankets woven of the wool of the alpaca vicuña. Articles of ornament and of use belonging to the deceased were buried with them; and it is a relic that much of the past history of the race is now obtained. The textile fabrics, the ornaments, utensils, and pottery, still existing in a perfect state of preservation, reveal the various conditions of the industries, and many of the social and religious customs, prevailing with this ancient and interesting people.

The lower classes, according to Mr. Squier, "met in death a treatment corresponding with that method meted out to them in life. They were thrust into holes in the nitrous sands of the coast, or into crevices of the rocks among the mountains, and were left to rot in the open air, or perhaps in a scant paraphernalia for their wandering in a future world as their own limited means, or those of their humble friends, could supply. Few and rude are the relics found with these shivered remains: a calabash, or gourd, perhaps, a carved wooden cup, containing amulets and charms; curious stones, to the natural peculiarities of which the superstitious mind rendered reverence; an implement of toil, or a game, or a wooden idol; such were the objects most frequent found with the plebeian dead of the coast, buried in such shallow graves that the winds often exposed them, and the earthquake thrust them up to the day."

**Good News for Nervous People.**  
The indications for treatment for nervousness are fourfold. First, we must remove the cause, we must restore tone to the heart, improve the condition of the blood, and brace up the nervous system; and to these we might add the removal of obstacles to the circulation. All injurious habits, whatever they are, must be given up, late hours, intemperance in eating, drinking or smoking, etc. That itself is a good start on the road to cure for nervousness. Nature is very kind. The diet should be regulated as to time, quantity and quality. The food ought to be nourishing, and not too sloppy. Soups as a rule ought to be avoided so long as the stomach is weak. A good dinner number never to rise from the table feeling that you could eat a little more. Many a man has lived to ninety simply from following this rule. The food should be fresh, and the food not over heating. Refreshing sleep ought to be secured by exercise. A cold bath should be taken every morning, and let "Early to bed and early to rise" be your motto. Exercise must not be neglected, and it ought to be exercised with some degree of interest and excitement about it. If a young man or young lady either, there is nothing better than a general course of athletics. It relieves the mind, gives tone to the nerves, and braces and invigorates the whole system. Try it. Breakfast early and dine about two, letting the supper be two hours before going to bed. Avoid tea. Change it for good coffee, made with half milk. Never be induced to take a sleeping draught. Above all, keep up a good heart, and cherish respectability. I need hardly add that change of air, cheerful society, and anything are great remedial agents in cases of nervousness.

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Solomon did not become the wisest man in the world in a minute. Little by little—never omitting to learn something, even for a single day—always reading, always studying a little between the time of rising up in the morning and lying down at night: this is the way to accumulate a full storehouse of knowledge. Finally, are you daily improving in character? Be not discouraged because it is little by little. The best men fall far short of what they themselves would wish to be. It is something, it is much, if you keep good resolutions better to-day than you did yesterday, better this week than you did last week. Strive to be perfect, but do not become disheartened so long as you are approaching nearer and nearer to the high standard at which you aim.







## LOCAL MATTERS.

Chancellor Graham came in Monday and opened court.

Mr. Noble has been commissioned Postmaster at Anniston, this county.

Some days ago we noticed some large Irish potatoes grown by Mr. J. W. Whiteside. Since then he has dug one that weighed fourteen ounces.

W. M. Linder, the negro who attempted to assist some of his race to escape from our county jail a short time since, was arrested in Rome last Tuesday, and turned over to Sheriff Stewart.

Most of the men arrested for distilling in this and Cleburne county have been released on bail. We learn that the Revenue officers did not destroy private property in their raid as they have done heretofore.

The Whitley spoken of in the notice from the Lexington (Ky.) Press, in reference to the annual drill exercises of the A. and M. College, is young George Whitley, son of Mrs. G. C. Whitley, of this place.

Both Messrs. D. J. Clark and Nathan Clark have presented us cotton blooms gathered from their fields on the 26th. Mr. Nathan Clark requests us to say that that fertilized with the Bale fertilizer bloomed eight or ten days sooner than the other.

The poem published last week entitled "If We Knew" was written by a little girl in the lower part of this county, and reflects great credit upon her. We have heard it repeatedly complimented by critical judges, and there is great curiosity to know her name. She must write again.

We could only be present one day at the Commencement exercises of the Oxford College. From what we saw and heard we were most favorably impressed with the progress of the pupils, and the management of the institution generally. Friday the committee, who were invited to examine pupils, made a report, which reflected the highest honor upon the faculty, and which must have been most gratifying to them and the friends of the school. We were compelled to return before night and therefore missed the Cantata, which we have heard most highly spoken of.

Capt. N. B. DeArman proposes to be one of ten to make the premium on the best native or common breed milch cow \$100 above the premium offered by the County Fair.—*Oxford Tribune*.

This is a very liberal proposition on the part of Mr. DeArman, but it strikes us he never will have the pleasure of contributing his ten dollar premium if he waits for the nine other gentlemen to raise a like amount. There is only \$20 offered on the best Jersey cow, and it seems to us that \$30 would be an ample premium on the best "native or common breed" cow. If Mr. DeArman agrees with us in this, we are authorized to state that two other gentlemen, living here, will pay \$10 each, and in conjunction with him raise a premium fund of \$30 instead of a hundred. Let us hear from him.

THE AMATEUR DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT at the Court House on last Wednesday night was in every way a success. The attendance was as large as could possibly have been expected, there being between 275 and 300 persons present, who came not only from the town but from surrounding towns and all parts of the county. The play of the "Fair Maid of Cresset" was rendered in a manner that gave satisfaction to all. The ladies engaged in it, Misses Mary A. Forney and Lizzie Hoke, elicited many actors we have seen perform the parts played by them.

The universal opinion was that the statutory in the "Dream in the Studio" was the feature of the evening. The statue of Fleeting Time, represented by Mr. Ed. Caldwell and Miss Ella Wyly, was admired by all. Venus and Cupid, represented by Miss Georgia Hoke and little Katie Francis was complimented by many. Ophelia and Beatrice Cenci, rendered by Miss Minnie Bellamy, brought forth rounds of applause. The Blind Girl of Pompeii by Miss Ella Wyly, and Samson and Delilah, by Mr. W. Snow and Miss Frank Wyly, were perfect. The tableau of "Mary Stuart Pleading for Life," represented by Misses Emma Francis, Mary Part and Mrs. L. W. Grant, and Mrs. Will Part and Joe Nesbitt, was one of the finest tableaux we have ever seen. The two tableaux, "I've Seen Prettier Faces" and "In for it," which were to have been represented respectively by Misses Carrie Abernathy and Ella Wyly, we regret were not presented, because of an accident to the stage furniture.

Mrs. Jarley's wax figures were simply splendid. The audience was in a roar of laughter from the time the curtain rose upon them until it fell upon the closing scene. Messrs. Frank Maddox, E. G. Caldwell and John M. Caldwell played the parts of Mrs. Jarley, the Post Slum and the German Musician, respectively, to perfection, and the masked performers, Misses Emma Francis, Carrie Abernathy, Minnie Bellamy, Georgia Hoke, Linnie Francis, and Messrs. Pete Forney, Walter Denn, John Journey and Walt Hammond, were true to life in pose, and when wound up by Slum, in action.

Not a single thing occurred during the entire performance to cause the least unpleasantness. We never saw an amateur dramatic performance move along so smoothly from the time the bell rang up the curtain at the beginning of the performance until it finally fell.

## Notes from the Oxford Tribune.

The road from Oxford to Anniston is a disgrace to civilization.

Mr. Isaac Frank has produced a beet that measures 13 1/2 inches in circumference.

Mr. Graves Renfro, of Talladega, has been seriously ill from hemorrhage of the lungs.

Wm. P. Prickett has removed from Oxford to Blount county.

Some of the DeArmanville people are speaking of offering a premium of \$25 for the best colony of bees exhibited at the Fair. Good; now let them offer the premium.

Mr. J. D. Clough cut himself severely with an axe last Friday.

Isaac Henderson, near Bean's Gap, is very sick.

Mr. Bowman Little, a clerk in the Woodstock Iron Company's store, fell down the cellar stairs recently, and received some severe injuries.

Mr. A. F. Martin made a narrow escape from drowning in Choccolocco creek recently, in attempting to ford the creek in a buggy. The stream was much swollen and the horse began to swim. The buggy had to be cut loose, and several articles of value therein were lost.

[Advertisement.]

Somebody Sealed.

Editors Republican.—It is reported in some sections that I have declined to run the race for Sheriff. This is done with a view to weaken friends in my interest. I announced my name to run the race, and intend to do so, and hope my friends will not listen to any rumors to the contrary. Yours truly,

D. F. SHUFORD, Oxford, Ala.

June 23, 1876.

## COUNTY INTELLIGENCE.

MARTIN'S CROSS ROADS.—Rain continues—we have some nearly every day. Corn and cotton are growing very fast and the farmers are beginning to talk of wanting a few days sunshine. The truth of the matter is, grass is beginning to look well, some are complaining of their cotton being lousy; I have noticed some.

Mr. Charles Martin has a large field of corn that is hard to beat; one old gentleman says that if it does not quit growing so fast it will soon push down the fence.

There seems to be different opinions about the wheat crop, some think it made three fourths, others about half a good crop.

Martin, Clark & Co. have bought a new horse power for their threshing, and all who want their wheat threshed can get it done decently and in order.

Mr. W. L. Stokes died yesterday the 24th and was buried to-day. He leaves a wife and several children. There is some sickness about now.

Candidates continue their rounds very regular, but they are all so much alike that it is a hard matter to tell which is the cleverest man among them. One man said yesterday that he did not think that he would vote at all, he could not tell who to vote for. Some candidate ought to go for him.

MARION.

PEEK'S HILL.—Mr. Editor.—Please inform us of the real name and home of "Pat McCarty." His veridical is so refreshing, especially in a news dearth that we would fain transplant him amidst our soil.

MARY BRIDGET.

EDWARDSVILLE.—The United States officers and their men are thick in these parts this week. The first we knew of them, there came in four of them last Saturday evening with six prisoners. They lodged them in jail, and on Monday morning brought in another, when they left, and have not returned yet. That squad has not, but there is a larger force here from below. Two of those who were put in jail have been released on bail, and the others will be, we suppose, as soon as they can get assistance from their homes, for the crowd that was brought in Saturday evening we think were all from Calhoun county except one. Several men have gone to them (the Federal officers) and surrendered, and were released immediately, and for we might say, they were not in custody at all, for they made the bond before they came forward. The officers say that "those they do not get will not be able to make a crop this year." They have burst up several distilleries, and perhaps all are now stopped.—*Oxford Tribune*.

Wholesale Hanging.

The hanging of eleven men in Pennsylvania last week, who belonged to the order called No. 1, Maguire's, was something unparalleled in the annals of the hang and cart. This organization of "Mollies" was one of the most powerful proportions. The mandates of the state in authority in the Society were supreme, and if a member was ordered to take the life of a fellow being the order was, with him, higher than all other moral or State laws. Besides becoming a strong element in the State the organization was a terror to any who dared oppose its measures. The conviction of these eleven men was in due course of law, and the leading journals of Pennsylvania take the position that the good of society demanded that the criminals pay the extreme penalty of the law.

## IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

Alabama Agricultural, Commercial and Mineral Convention.

MONTGOMERY, June 11, 1877.

Hon. R. M. Patton.

DEAR SIR—I think your interest in the subject about which I write will excuse the liberty I take in troubling you with this communication.

It is proposed to hold a convention at Blount Springs, about the 1st of next September, for the purpose of discussing the material resources of our State with the double view of awakening among our own people a spirit of enterprise, and attracting the attention of the world to our resources. The convention will be composed as follows:

1. Two delegates from each county, representing the agricultural interests of the State.

2. Two delegates from each incorporated city or town, representing the commercial interest.

3. One representative of each mining or manufacturing company.

4. One representative of each railroad.

5. One representative of each newspaper.

6. One representative from each incorporated College.

Arrangements have been made with the proprietors at the Springs to entertain the Convention at nominal rates, and to furnish a hall for its session. Negotiations are now pending with the various railroad companies, with the view of securing free passes to delegates going and coming.

The business of the Convention will be in accordance with a programme arranged in advance, in which each topic will be assigned to some one who will present his views thereon, either in the form of an essay or an address, as he may prefer, which, after being thus presented, will be subject to discussion by the body of the Convention. The following list will give you an idea of the range of discussion proposed:

1. The coal fields of Alabama, their extent, value and development.

2. The adaptation of our soil and climate to the cultivation of grasses, and sheep husbandry.

3. The harbor and trade of Mobile.

4. Fruits and fruit culture in Alabama.

5. Our iron interests and industries.

6. The soils and manual resources of the State.

7. Our lumber interests.

8. Our railroad system.

9. Cotton manufacturing in Alabama, our resources, and advantages, and its profitability and relations to other industry.

10. Our water lines, natural and artificial.

11. The problem of free labor and cotton culture.

12. Immigration.

Each one of the topics has been assigned to some citizen of the State whose attainments and reputation will insure the presentation of a well considered paper, and command for his opinions the respect of the world. It is proposed to publish the proceedings of the Convention in book form, for general distribution, and it will probably contain more valuable information upon the matters embraced in it than can be found elsewhere.

The object of this letter is to ask you to take a place in the programme—to favor us with a paper on the subject of cotton manufacturing in this State. I sincerely hope you will consent to do so. My opinion is that such a Convention will be productive of great good. We shall, probably, be occupied several days in carrying out this programme. The mere fact of bringing together the representative men of the State for discussion of the material interests of the State, will in itself accomplish a great deal. Aye, if I mistake not, the amount of thought which a discussion would evolve, would give an impetus to the cause of progress in Alabama which we have not hitherto experienced.

I am, very respectfully and truly yours,

W. H. CHAMBERS.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart has formally undertaken the building of a cathedral church (Episcopal), a school, a chapter house, and to provide for their permanent maintenance. The cost of the church building, according to the bishop's estimate will be seven hundred thousand dollars.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

The question has often been asked by those interested, "Can I have my hair restored to its natural color, without coloring the skin?" and can this lock be tickled up?" We answer, "It can," and would advise you to read a treatise on the hair, which is published by R. P. Hall & Co., Nashville, N. H.; who send it free, upon application. They are the proprietors of Hall's Vegetable Sulfur Hair Renewer. We learn from it, the hair, in a perfect state of health, is constantly falling out, and new hairs grow from the same tubes; but, in case of any disease of the scalp, or by the use of alcoholic preparations, the hair becomes contracted in its growth, and prevents the new follicle from reaching the surface. Their preparation will cause a perfectly healthy condition of the scalp, and by its tonic properties, will preserve and strengthen the roots of the hair.—*Salemian, Des Moines, Iowa*.

## The Attention of Farmers is called to our

American Mammoth Eye, or Diamond Wheat.

For Fall or Spring Sowing. A new variety, entirely distinct from the Common Eye, or any other Grain ever introduced.

It was first found growing wild on the Humboldt River, Nevada; since which time it has been successfully cultivated wherever tried. It yields from 60 to 80 bushels to the acre. Mr. A. J. Duff, United States Centennial Commissioner from Oregon, asserts that he has known it to yield eighty-seven and a half bushels to the acre. It was awarded the highest and only premium at the United States Centennial Exposition, and pronounced the best and only grain of the kind on exhibition.

It has been grown at a Fall and Spring grain with equal success. Single grains measuring one-half inch in length, and the average close to that.

Price per package 25 cents. Five packages \$1.00. One dozen packages, \$7.00. Sent post paid by mail.

Agents wanted everywhere to introduce this Wheat.

—We are in no way connected with any other Seed House in Cleveland or Chattanooga. All orders, letters, etc., should be addressed to

S. Y. AYRES & Co., S. Y. Ayres, Brainerd, Tenn.

Samples sent free on receipt of a Three cent stamp. May 9, 1877—41.

[Extract of a letter of Dr. Lovie Pierce, of Sparta, to Rev. L. F. Davies.]

Macoon, Jan. 8, 1876.

Dear Bro. Davies. Excuse me for writing only when I am deeply interested. I have been suffering about two months. Could not read and pray in a family. Had tried many things. Got no benefit from any. Since conference some one sent me from America a bottle of Dr. Wm. W. Nisbet's Cure and Lung Restorer, which I have been taking now, this is the ninth day, and I can talk now with some ease. I have here, a number of things, to supply myself with this medicine. No drugstore has it in stock. I must have it. I want you to go in person to Thrash & Co., show them this letter, and make them send me by express to Sparta, Ga., two, three or four bottles, with bill. I am sending you five cents.

(Signed) LOVIE PIERCE.

For sale by Dr. W. M. NISBET, Jacksonville, Fla. Sep. 23—3m.

## THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

No Dyspepsia in the world suffer as much with Dyspepsia as Americans. Although years of experience in medicine had failed to accomplish a certain and sure remedy for this disease and its effects, such as Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, Water-brash, Sick Headache, Costiveness, palpitation of the Heart, Liver complaint, coming up of the food, low spirits, general debility, etc., yet since the introduction of Gass's Astringent Flowers we believe there is no case of Dyspepsia that cannot be immediately relieved.

30,000 dozen sold last year without one case of failure reported. Go to your Druggist, Dr. W. M. NISBET, and get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you. Regular size 75 cents.

MURDER WILL OUT.

A few years ago, "August Flower" was discovered to be a certain cure for Dyspepsia and Liver complaint, a few thin Dyspepsia made known to their friends how easily and quickly they had been cured by its use. The great merits of Gass's Astringent Flowers became heralded through the country by one sufferer to another, until, without advertising, its sale has become immense. Druggists in EVERY TOWN in the United States are selling it. No person suffering with Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, low spirits, etc., can take three doses without feeling better. Get a bottle from Dr. W. M. NISBET, and get a bottle for 75 cents and try it. Sample bottles 10 cents.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

NOTICE.

The Trustees of Calhoun County Grange are requested to meet at Jacksonville on the first Saturday in July, 1877.

J. W. WHITESIDE, Chairman.

Attention.

OXFORD, ALA., June 16, 1877.

The committee known as the "School Committee," appointed at the last meeting of the County Grange, are requested to meet at Jacksonville on the first Saturday, July next.

The following names compose the committee: L. D. Miller, Geo. W. Landers, L. L. Allen, N. B. DeArman, Whit Scarborough, G. B. Russell, Gen. W. H. Forney, Joseph L. Kirby, Wm. Johnston.

F. W. SMITH, Chairman.

MADDOX & PRIVETT will buy all the green best hides you will bring them.

If you ride on horseback go to MADDOX & PRIVETT and get you a good new Saddle Blanket. It will save its cost in preserving your pants one year.

A few pair of neat strong and durable bags, made of the best material, will be sold cheap, or exchanged for wheat or flour. Apply at once at the Red Store.

Riding, Driving and Plow Brides, Hames, Collars and Whips, at the very bottom prices, at MADDOX & PRIVETT'S.

Prepare in time for the immense crop of peaches that will soon be ripe, and supply yourself with those Shelby Ware Fruit Jar at the Red Store; also the Gem Self-sealing Glass Jar at \$2 per dozen.

A few dozen excellent floor and hearth brooms at the Red Store.

DR. J. R. GARBER

TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Jacksonville and vicinity. All calls will receive prompt attention. Special attention given to all chronic diseases. Office on South street, two doors below the Wyl House. June 9th

## IMPORTANT.

W. W. NESBIT

Prepared with Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper to do all kinds of work and repairing on Sash and Machinery.

SQUARE STACKS of superior construction, which will make a Molasses in a shorter time than any other.

SEWERS, SKIMMERS, DIPPERS, &c. constantly on hand for sale.

RAPID SORGHUM COOLERS.—The best thing ever invented. Does away with the necessity of cooking sorghum.

Terms cash, or good barter. Jacksonville, May 26, 1877.

## "BLUE MOUNTAIN ROUTE."

Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad.

Taking Effect Sunday, June 3, 1877.

6:40 a.m. Leave Selma. Arrive 9:55 a.m. 7:18 "

7:28 " " Raleigh, " 7:25 "

11:22 " " Talladega, " 7:26 "

12:23 p.m. " Oxford, " 1:24 "

12:31 " " Anniston, " 1:12 "

1:02 " " Jacksonville, " 1:26 "

2:11 " " Stoneville, " 1:00 "

2:18 " " Toccoa, " 11:00 "

2:25 " " Pryor, " 10:50 "

2:45 " " Caye Springs, " 10:25 "

3:30 " " Rome, " 6:25 "

4:12 " Arrive Plainville. Leave 6:35 "

4:30 " Leave Plainville. Arrive 5:05 "

5:40 " Arrive Dalton. Leave 6:35 "

Through Sleepers will run from Vicksburg to Lynchburg without change.

Connecting at Dalton with E. T. V. & G. R. R. for Boston, Virginia City, Virginia Springs, and with W. & A. R. R. for Chattanooga and all western cities.

Close connection at Calera for Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans.

Close connection at Selma with A. C. R. R. for Meridian, Jackson, New Orleans, and Vicksburg, with good sleeping accommodations.

M. STANTON, Gen. Supt. RAY KNIGHT, Gen. Pass. Agt.

April 7, 1877.

## Administrator's Sale

OF

Personal Property.

UNDER and by virtue of an Order of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, State of Alabama, the undersigned, as the administrator of the Estate of Elizabeth G. Walker, deceased, will,

On Saturday the 21st day of July, 1877.

Proceed to sell upon the premises of the undersigned, all the Personal Property of said estate, consisting of One MULE and HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

TERMS OF SALE.—A credit until 1st day of January, 1878. Note and approved security will be required to secure the purchase money.

JOHN F. WALKER, Administrator.

June 23, 1877—3t.

## Notice to Creditors.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, } Calhoun County. }

Probate Court, Special Term, May 15th, 1877.

Elizabeth G. Walker, dec'd.—Estate of.

LETTERS of Administration upon the Estate of said deceased having been granted to the undersigned on the 15th day of May, 1877, by the Hon. L. W. Cannon, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, Notice hereby given, that all persons having claim against said Estate will be required to present them within the time allowed by law, or the same will be barred.

JOHN F. WALKER, Adm'r.

## POSTPONED.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of one Pls. 5, ss. issued from the circuit Court of Calhoun County and do directed, in favor of W. D. Dickie, administrator of E. C. Dickie, deceased, against Elymus Crossley, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door in the town of Jacksonville, Ala., on the FIRST MONDAY IN AUGUST next, the following described Land, to-wit:

The west half of north-east fourth, and north-east fourth of north-east fourth, and north-east fourth of section 10, township 15, range 6, also the south-west fourth of south-east fourth of section 3, township 15, of range 6, the property of defendant, to satisfy said execution.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff.

may 12—4t.

## The Rome Hotel.

Within Ten Steps of the Rail Road, BROAD STREET, ROME, GEORGIA.

NO OMNIBUS NEEDED.

The Hotel is situated in the principal business square of the city, is new and clean from bottom to top, having been

THOROUGHLY RENOVATED.

In the last sixty days, and has received an additional foundation.

ELEGANT, AIRY AND CONVENIENT ROOMS, NEWLY FURNISHED.

The Hotel is abundantly supplied with Fresh Milk, Butter and Vegetables from our own Dairy and Garden.

Rates Two Dollars per day, or twenty-five cents for single meals and single lodging, with or extra charge for board and baggage.

Representatives from the principal business houses of the city can be found boarding in the Hotel.

J. A. STANSBURY, Proprietor.

Sept. 30—1y.

DR. S. P. SMITH & SON.

Wholesale Grocers

AND

Liquor Dealers.

Smith's Block, ROME, GA.

Proprietors and General Agents for the

Steamer Navy Lines.

Upon which goods shipped freight has been reduced full 20 per cent.

A dock and wharf, W. GON IARD in rear of this block for the accommodation of Transients.



